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Easy Reading, Hard Writing, by C. E. Montague, on page 728

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Illustration for "The Friend of Jesus," by E. S. Bates (See page 723).

Diplomatic Europe

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR. Vol. I, Before Sarajevo: Underlying Causes of the War; Vol. II, After Sarajevo: Immediate Causes of the War. By SIDNEY BRADSHAW FAY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $9.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
University of Chicago

PROFESSOR FAY'S book, which is the outgrowth of three articles written eight years ago in the *American Historical Review*, is an achievement of the first water, as well in the importance of its subject as for the manner of his treatment. Making use of all the voluminous publications of recent years, using them integrally (instead of selecting points to prove a thesis), testing their statements by all the devices of historical criticism, and writing calmly, fearlessly, and judicially, he has produced an admirable picture of the diplomatic tangle of pre-war Europe. If he has had to build his narrative principally on German documents, it is because only Germany has made a clean breast of her policy from 1871 to 1914; when other states complete the publication of their archives—Russia and Great Britain have begun this task—some of the judgments expressed may need revision, but in the meantime we can be grateful for a masterly analysis which on many points breaks fresh ground and often throws new light on hackneyed themes. The only caution needed is to point out that Professor Fay has not attempted to write a complete diplomatic history of Europe from 1871 to 1914. Believing that "the greatest single underlying cause of the War was the system of secret alliances which developed after the Franco-Prussian War," he has contented himself with explaining the origin, development, and rivalry of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. Of militarism, nationalism, economic imperialism, and the newspaper press, he has little to say, except as they affected or were affected by the problems of the Balkans, which "of all the major conflicts of interest which have been alleged as making [the War] 'inevitable' . . . were those most nearly incapable of a peaceful solution."

The two great diplomatic groupings, the Austro-German Alliance of 1879 and its supplement, the

(*Continued on page* 726)

Interpreting Our Literature*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AND now at last scholarship is ready for the long neglected problems of American literature. We need not dwell upon the minor reason for this resolve to set in order the investigation of the literary mind in America. It is true that subjects for doctoral theses are becoming scarcer and scarcer in the well-worked fields of English literature; but still more true that time and a juster estimate of history have lifted American literature from the schools to the universities, where it raises immediately complex questions of origin and influence that only scholarship can answer. American books, like American antiques, are more prized as we grow greater, and if scholarship can make the new estimates of our literary treasures more intelligent than the rather absurd valuations of maple furniture, colonial glass, and provincial what-nots, it will serve as a welcome antiseptic as well as a guide to excellence.

It was only day before yesterday that Whitman came into his own, but yesterday when Melville was acknowledged as one of the great novelists of the nineteenth century. Emerson had his due, but lost it, and is only now regaining the reputation he deserves. Thoreau has not yet reached the peak of his fame. Cooper went into eclipse, but is likely to shine again, though with diminished glory. Irving has sunk to a glow, but it is a serene and steady light. Longfellow must be re-established on a new and lower plane. Emily Dickinson is rising. Mark Twain has fought his way into literature, but his work has never been properly studied as such. Poe's case is better. Holmes, Bryant, Jewett, Webster, Simms, Crane, Bierce, the Alcotts, Aldrich, Lanier —to take a handful of minor names, and Hawthorne, to choose a major, all need orientation, explanation, appreciation on the sound bases of exact knowledge, and by the fine intuitions of trained taste, which have long been available for older literatures. The need of literary history and the need of literary criticism are both apparent. Under the editorship of Professor Norman Foerster, a recent book, **The Reinterpretation of American Literature," supplies a program.

The book which Mr. Foerster has edited is not perhaps for the general reader—his turn will come later—but it is of the greatest importance for all who take their native literature seriously, and especially for scholars, critics, and teachers. In it a group of scholars have united in a carefully organized discussion, the purpose of which is to discover how far American literature is American, and when so, why; and to their symposium has been added an excellent bibliography of American literary history and criticism, and of the sources from which new knowledge may flow. These writers are not armed with sneers and insinuations, though their purpose is radical, but with a weapon always devastating when properly used, a definition of terms, and with a knowledge of American history—social, psychological, economic, political—so broad that it is not possible to controvert them by ignorant appeals to authority. The Puritan influence and what it actually was, is Mr. Murdock's task, who leaves it, not a reproach, but a subject crying for further study. In spite of Mr. Mencken, we do not yet know the Puritans. Mr. Hubbell discusses the frontier, that American factor whose discovery by Professor Turner led to the rewriting of American history. The strong tides of European ideas which have swept over us with only a change of name is Mr. Jones's theme. Mr. Schlesinger urges that not in great names and great books but in the mass of the people's writing is to be found the literary history of a nation. Mr. Parrington connects science with realism. Mr. Kaufman dissects romanticism. Mr. Clark, in a finely analytic paper, sets down a method of literary study. Mr. Pattee gives the specifications for a new literary historian of America; and Mr. Foerster, in a chapter* which is the nucleus of the book, distinguishes the five forces which made American literature—the frontier, the romantic movement, the Puritan tradition, realism, and a European culture operating in an American environment. *Know* these before you begin to try to comprehend American literature.

I have so briefly summarized this really excellent book because I agree too heartily with most of its contentions to stop with its summary, which seems to me like the Ten Commandments, indispensable for literary morals though often disregarded, but incomplete without a last and greatest commandment that must be added. What we have here is good doctrine. Many a literary opinion has gone wrong from a failure to observe, for example, the belated character of American romanticism. Indeed, Mr. Foerster's statement that our great period fell in the westward sweep of the romantic wave which had left England to Victorianism, is a brilliant generalization which helps to explain why we

* This article is also to be printed in *American Literature*, a new journal of American literary studies, edited by Jay B. Hubbell, and published by the Duke University Press, Durham, N. C.

** THE REINTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by NORMAN FOERSTER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928.

* Published originally in this *Review*.

This Week

"The Origins of the World War."
Reviewed by BERNADOTTE F. SCHMITT.

"An Anthology of World Poetry."
Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER.

"The Friend of Jesus."
Reviewed by W. H. WORRELL.

"Man the Miracle Maker."
Reviewed by F. MARTIN BROWN.

"The Founders of the Middle Ages."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"Rome Haul."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Action."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

Next Week

Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson.

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have a Hawthorne, an Emerson, a Poe to compare with the great English romanticists, but no offsets to the great Victorians, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith. And the later chapter by Mr. Jones, on European influences, is an excellent corrective for provincial critics who write as if transatlantic communication had just been invented. But when Mr. Kaufman begins to define the romanticism which came from abroad, there is a sense of lack, not so much in his definitions, since definitions of romanticism have always been unsatisfactory, as in his stresses. One feels that by concentrating on romanticism in literature it is easy to prove either too little or too much. Still more with the pervasive influence of the frontier upon the American imagination. Fortunately, Mr. Hubbell, who does not fail to emphasize the necessity of understanding the West if you are to comprehend a literature largely produced in the East, is not gentle with the new enthusiasts for the frontier who make it almost synonymous with American. The actual conditions of the frontier were in every sense unfavorable to literature. The men and women of the frontier were not chosen spirits intellectually—they were more often not chosen at all but driven by their own incapacity to survive in settled regions. In recent years they have been romanticized quite as much as they were depreciated in the last century, when "he has gone West" was a sneer rather than a compliment. It was not the frontier but the idea of the frontier that influenced literature—and that idea, like all ideas, was by no means purely geographical and American.

Only one chapter in this book seems distinctly dangerous in its premises, for the critical method there upheld is a patent example of the dangers waiting upon students of American literature who, after reading, may think that the reinterpretation of American literature in terms of exact knowledge of the facts is going to be enough. Professor Schlesinger, of Harvard, would have us forego the "unusual, and the super-excellent" as a preoccupation in the printed among hu- on to con- d to the on to gen- to letters as one of the social sciences. The objective becomes an understanding of the literary culture of the people—their culture as embodied in print—in all its aspects, but with the main attention always fixed on what is broadly diffused rather than on what is unusual or special." Emerson, to Professor Schlesinger, is less important than McGuffey of the Readers!

* * *

But this is the negation of all literary criticism that is not merely historical, and, whatever it may be in history, in literature is perilously close to nonsense. Literature is not the expression of all the people by all the people for all the people—if so, court records and the transcript of a stenographer's notebook kept on the boardwalk at Atlantic City would be worth all the novels in the period. By such standards, the Paston Letters are more valuable *as literature* than Chaucer. But the very definition of literature is that it is articulate, in the sense of being highly expressive of the essence of contemporary life, and while the essence may be distributed through the mass, it reaches artistic consciousness only in the rare, the "super-excellent" person. From the point of view of America, Emerson was made for the spiritual refinement of the people, but from the point of view of literature the American people and their experience may be said to have been made for Emerson. It is not what they profited, but what he wrote, that gives to his work, as literature, its value now. The volumes of sketches of romantic scenes and persons so abundant in the early nineteenth century, are all of them together not worth one "Rip Van Winkle"; and, indeed, there is more that is essential to be learned of the Federalist mind at work in a rapidly changing America from "Rip Van Winkle" than from all of these volumes.

It is social science, not literary criticism, or even literary history, that Mr. Schlesinger is writing of, and he belongs in this book only by virtue of his reminder that we must remember backgrounds if we are to get our foregrounds right. When he substitutes background for foreground, weird tales for Poe and Hawthorne, newspapers for novelists, McGuffey for Emerson, he is throwing out the baby with the bath. His chapter reminds me of those pious editors who used Shakespeare to teach morality and the philologists who saw in Milton only allusions and the niceties of English grammar.

And yet I must not overstate my case. The prerequisite for a criticism of American literature is exact knowledge of the background. I should even criticize Mr. Parrington—an able historian of our literature—for not going far enough in this direction. His theme of realism is by no means sufficiently related to the progress of experimental science. I should ask of the critic who proposes to discuss the nature and genesis of American realism a fuller knowledge of scientific education and scientific reading in this country than he demands. And I should not confine, as he seems to do, the influence to realism.

* * *

But if this program of reinterpretation of American literature is a challenge to scholarship, it by no means exhausts the case for criticism. Indeed, like many other manifestoes, it deals with past errors chiefly, and leaves the vital word for the future unsaid. The instances cited by Mr. Clark from Freneau and Melville are significant. It is impossible to know Freneau without exact knowledge of the waves of European ideas washing through his mind from overseas. It is impossible to know Melville without knowledge of a maritime America and a period of violent spiritual reaction against the violence of Calvinist orthodoxy, the enthusiasm of transcendental optimism, the materialism of American prosperity.

And yet—as Mr. Clark says—"the background . . . must not be allowed to obliterate the foreground, the literature itself." This idea cries for more expansion than it gets in this book. A reading of this "Reinterpretation" leaves the impression that these scholars believe the scholarship they advocate and criticism to be identical—that if one knows what made a work of literature one knows that literature. It is the dogmatics of determinism carried over into literary criticism. Given the causes and the effect is predetermined and understood; is indeed only the complex sum. And yet while one cannot know too much of the origins of, let us say, "Walden," a knowledge of every source and influence, no matter how accurate, will never suck out the art of "Walden." We who propose criticism must break sharply from the assumptions of the last critical generation, that investigation of fact can of itself lead to correct esthetic conclusions. This is mere analogy with the supposed findings of experimental science, from which the premises of all of our scholarship and much of our criticism have been taken. The now discredited scientists upon whom we have leaned assumed that there were no mysteries, what they did not know today they would learn tomorrow. The chain of cause and effect from the first stir of force to the mind of Shakespeare had missing links, but those links would be provided. And likewise our scholars and critics have too often tacitly implied that what the intuition perceived of beauty and significance in literature was a secret to be taken by a few more assaults on the surrounding facts, the wall of the mystery of beauty was already undermined and would soon fall. Check rhythm by machines, test fiction by history, apply economics to poetry—sooner or later we would know all, not by vague appreciation but in numbers, concretely, by facts. We were to learn the causes of literary effects by the same general methods as those which were about to solve the nature of the atom, the electron, force, and the universe!

* * *

On such a program is this book constructed, and it is a sound program for literary criticism where, as in the case of American literature, so much of the background remains to be investigated, so many false conceptions need to be knocked on the head, and the accurate measures of science are still to be substituted for methods demonstrably false.

But if it is meant to be a complete program for American criticism it is not sound. Nor does science, modern science, not the science in which most of us were educated, give it one ounce of support beyond that point where the background of literature ends, and the foreground, literature itself, begins. We are not—this seems certain—to learn what lies behind the atom, the electron, force, the universe, by the methods of science alone. The new generation of scientists are measuring only the measurable, and both their philosophy and their mathematics provide for the unmeasurable, and for that which is unknowable except through the intuitions of consciousness, which are not scientific at all but have at least as great a validity.* To insist upon accurate measure in literary scholarship, and that is the function of this book, is right, but to imply, as some of the chapters seem to do, that scientific scholarship, fully developed and adequately applied, will provide a complete critique for American literature, or for any literature, is to rest upon premises drawn from scientific theories already invalidated in science itself. It is to leave untouched the esthetic, intuitive, and essentially unscientific study of the effect of the whole of a work of art, such as "Walden" or the poetry of Poe, which is much more than the sum of its measurable parts. It is to neglect the intuitive powers of the appreciative mind, at the moment when pure science is respectfully assigning to them a place where it is impotent. Once before, and not so long ago, the critical school of Brunetière seized upon what it supposed was science and proffered the evolution of literary types as the new road for criticism. But the measurable evolution of science was soon discovered to be very different from the hypothetical evolution of literary form. Brunetièrism disappeared with its fallacy. Let us not cling to determinism in literature until the scientists themselves have to re-educate us.

If American literature is to be reinterpreted, we shall need, then, more than this book provides, although we shall need all it provides. It lacks specifically a chapter on esthetic criticism—a term I like as little as romanticism, but which I cannot take space to analyze beyond the statement that intuition and taste and the perceptions of the consciousness will be given an emphasis not less than the study of sources and influence. If this means that we must risk the vagaries of impressionistic criticism—well, we must risk them, and go on. There must be a clear charge to scholars that without feeling, perceiving, interpreting in terms which mean more than facts to the consciousness, the most exact analysis of, say, "Moby Dick," in terms of its origins will fail to grasp the book itself. "The crudest anthropomorphic image of a spiritual deity," says Eddington in his "The Nature of the Physical World," "can scarcely be so wide of the truth as one conceived in terms of metrical equations." The most uncritical appreciation of a work of art (provided it is deeply felt) can scarcely be so unrepresentative of the real nature of a great book as an explanation conceived only in terms of its background and sources.

It is clear that most of the authors of this book are aware of this distinction, and have limited themselves to background because the background of American criticism needs drastic reforming. But it is equally clear that others, notably I should say, Professor Schlesinger, are unaware that what they are writing is not criticism at all, but the preparation for criticism; and still less aware that they are proposing to substitute an accurate knowledge of the phenomena of physical living for a study of the manifestations of consciousness (of which one field is art) that must carry beyond the facts by means of intuition duly controlled.

Let us not ask for a revision of this Program of American criticism, which will serve its purpose admirably, provided that purpose is understood to be preliminary to a more difficult task. Let us rather ask for another and much more radical volume, in which the daring critic leaves measurement to those best qualified to do it, and engages the new problems of intuitive appreciation for whose solution science can only prepare. Those who from a passage in Melville get more than so many words, so many definable concepts, so many reflections of the appearance of life, so many reminiscences of ideas long current, must tackle such problems or admit that they cannot feel beyond the logical cycle of mathematical proof, or take one step without measuring rods for a fact which, in the view of scientific relativity, has already become an illusion, convenient, but no more reality than the emotion that follows upon the reading of a great poem.

"Not many journalists, however gifted, are remembered," says the London *Observer*, "but when C. E. Montague died it seemed impossible that he should be forgotten. With all his powers, he gave so much life elsewhere that he could not put enough of it into books to make them sure of remembrance. But the man was outstanding and the journalist pre-eminent—so long inseparable from the civilizing spirit of the *Manchester Guardian*."

* I am following chiefly Eddington here and the cyclic conception of physics.

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An Illuminating Anthology

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY. Edited by MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

THE phrase "world poetry" needs definition. It might mean merely poetry representative of the literary output of the whole world: it might mean poetry of sufficient importance to have significance for readers the world over. Obviously, according to the first view, the geographical element is essential: according to the second, it is the poem's greatness which is essential, its place of origin being quite immaterial. Anthologies might be made on either scheme, but the natural thing to do is to attempt to combine them, presenting a group of poems, valuable in themselves, and at the same time representing the poetry of all times and places, The problem of language then arises. The best poems of a dozen languages would form a collection which would be nothing but a literary curiosity, utterly defeating the purpose of anthologies, which is to appeal to the general reader who has not time or inclination to be a specialist. One must therefore have recourse to translation, and collections of translations are by no means new.

But Mr. Van Doren's volume differs from the work of his predecessors in two respects: first, it is of larger scope, extending over four continents, and stretching from the fourth millennium B. C. to poets still living; second, he has included no translation which does not appeal to him as literature in its own right. This is a serious restriction of the field, for there are, of necessity, great poems omitted and even great poets entirely passed over because they have not been fortunate enough to be worthily rendered. But the reader will have no hesitation in deciding that the Editor's decision is as wise as it is courageous. For he conceives his first duty to be to his readers rather than to the originals, and even from the point of view of the originals there is much to be said for no version at all rather than a bad one. The book, then, aside from the two hundred and fifty odd pages of English and American poems, might be called "An Anthology of Good Translations into English."

* * *

The technique of translation is, in itself, an interesting study. Shall the translator attempt to keep the form of the original as well as its content, as has Andrew Lang in his rendering of Charles d'Orléans, or shall he adopt a native English form, as Calverly does for Theocritus? Or shall he abandon the normal forms of both, relying only on the beauty of the meaning adequately expressed, and on rhythms undefined? The translators of the Bible chose to do so, and the English world has approved the choice. Again, there is the question of how far the translator may modify the meaning of his original. The liberties which Edmund Fitzgerald has taken with Omar Khayyam are very well known—there are few lovers of poetry who have not forgiven him. But even if there be a sincere attempt to represent the original exactly, men will vary in their ability to lose themselves in another's poem. Compare Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe with Shelley's. To read the selections from Heine is almost as illuminating of English taste as it is of German.

The volume, however, has weightier claims to attention than its illustration of the art of translation, for it does present a very large body of fine poems, and, in spite of some necessary gaps and disproportions, it does give a fair cross-section of the poetry of the world. Mr. Van Doren remarks in his modest preface that he is "as much convinced as anybody that translation does not give us what creation gives." Yet through the translation are revealed moods and habits of thought foreign to our art, but quite as valid as our own conventions. No one, for example, can read the Chinese and Japanese sections with which the book begins without feeling that the poetry there contained is very lovely, and very remote. Moreover—and this, surely, is a sufficient proof that the translation serves its purpose—the careful reader will speedily become conscious of the difference between the two, though he have no criteria except the pages before him. In the Chinese poems there is a sense of space and of immense antiquity, a reflective and sensuous tone in sharp contrast with the emotion and restraint of Japanese art, which is almost wholly an art of selection and suggestion. It is a great temptation to quote, but if one began quoting there would be no end. Any reader who compares the anonymous Chinese poem on pp. 10, 11 with the three lines by Basho, No. 5 on p. 50 will quickly be rid of the superstition that Chinese and Japanese art are indistinguishable.

The English reader's chief difficulty will probably be with the longer Oriental pieces. The "Ode of Imr El Kais," for instance is bewildering to one who knows nothing of the Bedouin background. The order of verses in the original is far from clear and there is "much that only a full commentary can make intelligible," to quote Mr. Nicholson's "Literary History of the Arabs." Under the circumstances it is rash of Mr. Van Doren to say "the poetry is expected to speak for itself." Speak it does, but with greatly confused and uncertain voice. The apparatus to make the poem thoroughly intelligible would be difficult to write, it is true, but it could have been written briefly and I think it

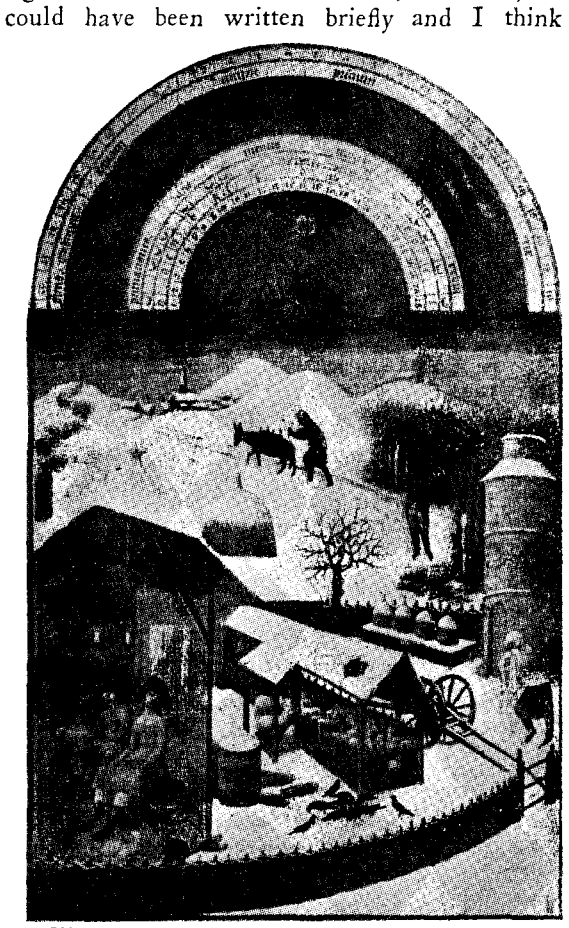

Illustration from "The Goodman of Paris," by A Citizen of Paris (Harcourt, Brace).

should. It is no insult to the taste of the reader to supply him with guidance when he must otherwise merely guess. Nor should we think of explanation as an affront to the poets themselves when we recall with what elaborate care Dante annotated those same poems from the "Vita Nuova" which are here presented in the fine translation of Rossetti without any comment. The Editor was quite right not to embark on the endless sea of appreciative criticism, but a gloss on "Hikoboshi" or "Celin" or "Heimdall's Sons"—to cite names at random—would certainly make for a better understanding of the poems. It must be admitted, however, that it would be very hard to know where to draw the line, and anything like a complete glossary would increase the bulk of the book and the Editor's labors, perhaps to a fatal extent. The really ardent student can find in the "Acknowledgments" a bibliography through which his difficulties may ultimately be solved.

The English and American sections are, of course, the least distinctive part of the book. Their chief function is to complete the field and they will be received with all the degrees of dissent to which anthologies of familiar poems are liable. Some will be shocked to see the Irish poems headed "English" at the top of the page, and a gentler surprise will be occasioned by the translations from the Indian with which the American selections begin. But if the reader will go through these selections with care he will find in Mr. Van Doren's sound catholicity of taste a guaranty that the less familiar fields have been harvested by the hand of a master.

According to a news dispatch, the British police under the new regime of Lord Byng evidently are determined to stamp out all tendency toward immorality and indecency in modern literature. With the seizure of a new novel, "Sleveless Experience," on the eve of publication, it was revealed that the manuscript of D. H. Lawrence's latest volume of poems, "Pansies," has been intercepted in the mails and confiscated by Scotland Yard.

Gospel According to Judas

THE FRIEND OF JESUS. By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by W. H. WORRELL

IT would be evident, even though the jacket did not tell us so, that "The Friend of Jesus" is born of Irenæus, Epiphanius, and (possibly) G. R. S. Mead, on the one hand, and the gnostic temper and disposition of Mr. Bates, on the other.

The Cainite gnostics justified all the disreputable characters of the Bible, from Cain to Judas, and were themselves proud of belonging to the same spiritual line. This seeming perversity, the common characteristic of all gnosis, disappears when we turn from the church fathers to Mead's more sympathetic "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten," and learn that the friends of the Absolute God were necessarily enemies of the Demiurge, Jehovah, and were necessarily vilified by the weak followers of the Law. Knowledge (gnosis) of the true character of Jehovah sets everything right at once: even that deepest of mysteries, the betrayal of Jesus by Judas. Judas, it seems, perceiving the true situation, did this because Jesus had gradually succumbed to the Jehovah religion.

Now Bates is as proud as any Cainite of belonging to this spiritual lineage; and Judas, the ideal gnostic, is his hero. I would not out of hand accuse Bates of too much moral earnestness. He has on occasion delighted in the outlandish and impossible, slowly and deliberately applied to a trusting reader. But this book was surely written to satisfy a spiritual urge that had accumulated from childhood and Sunday-school days. Here is no mere arraignment of the small-town church. Bates traces the exasperating tradition back to the roots of creation. If the doubtful worthies of the Old Testament were twisted into heroic shapes, could not something be done for its unworthies by a literary friend with a sense of fairness and a taste for sleight-of-hand? But Bates is not merely perverse. The gnosis did a real service in calling attention to the ethical shortcomings of the Old Testament; and Bates has given us a nearly complete modern compendium of these delicate matters. The long catalogue of unedifying situations between Jehovah and his worshippers is unrolled, pitilessly, with nothing left out. Even the most disenchanted reader is surprised at the length of it and the sordidness of its episodes. Always and without exception Jehovah is the vain, false, cowardly, impotent demigod; and his devotees the ignoble, the false, the weak, the stupid of mankind. It would be impossible ever again to read the Hebrew Scriptures with innocence. The Satanic parody has sunk deep into the mind and refuses to be shamed. Now we *know*.

* * *

The Old Testament is less serious business. There is opportunity for fun, as when Jehovah is trying to explain the Decalogue to Moses; and here caricature puts a severe strain upon the "ancient or solemn style" which the writer has adopted. At other times there is room for passages of beauty and of power, as when Jephthah's daughter laments:

> Shine Sun; let thy face be bright upon me; for I go down into the shadow. Let me see the eyes of all the little stars upon me at night; for I go down into the darkness wherein is no star. Let me clasp the earth and embrace her; soon shall she clasp me, but I shall not return her embraces. Somewhere my husband waits for me, he that would have been my husband, but I cannot stay to meet him. Go elsewhere, husband; seek another bride; my lips will be too pale for thy kisses.

The New Testament narrative is approached with seriousness that admits of no humor and no embellishment. It is necessary to show the preparation of Judas for his awful deed, and how it came about. For the Old Testament Bates allows Jehovah to appear rather foolish; but now Jehovah becomes fairly satanic. Jesus, the wise, the pure, the child of nature and the friend of man, come to destroy the Law and to set man free, after his first rejection at Jerusalem withdraws to the desert, that mother of fanatics. He allows himself to be baptized by John, the fanatical meddler, and suffers hallucinations about a voice from heaven. Now he begins to entertain the ideas, once so hotly rejected, of divine sonship and virgin birth. One sees the christology grow, here, within the gospel! Soon there come those unchristlike sayings that have never been explained: "and whosoever shall say, Thou

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fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." Jesus is no longer Jesus; he has become Christ, the Son of God, promising thrones of judgment on the Last Day to his fisherman disciples. After several attempts to bring him to himself, Judas betrays him to the Jews. The faithless Jehovah abandons the trusting Son of God to his captors, and instead of a Jewish scourging he receives a Roman crucifixion. I know of no other account that explains so well the contradiction in the life and sayings of Jesus. The gnosis does away with the necessity of destructive criticism, and this is recreated gnosis at its best.

Unfortunately the publishers were unable to make up their minds as to what sort of book they were marketing. The present title, while possible, will not reach the readers whom the author had in mind, but rather another sort who will be greatly disappointed and hurt.

The Hunter

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER. By HENDRIK VAN LOON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by F. MASON BROWN

SEVERAL years ago Hendrik Van Loon wrote "The Story of Mankind," and H. G. Wells, "The Outline of History." Immediately a deluge of similar books by others followed, based on the same idea—the popularizing of human knowledge by means of condensed texts. Some have succeeded but none so much as the leaders, of which Van Loon's is now in at least its one hundred and thirtieth thousand! While this, the latest product of the author, does not seem quite up to the first, it is only because it was not published first.

It is not hard to believe that man is a miracle maker when we look back upon the last thirty years; [illegible], and the advances of pure science [illegible] and breath-taking. A man of 1829, [illegible]he world to-day, would be flabber[illegible]onder what bewitchment had been [illegible]e present volume (he hints that there [illegible]), the author sets out to open the eyes [illegible]person, and of others, to the many [illegible]hat man has conceived throughout the [illegible]ient and aid his body in the struggle [illegible]id happiness. That his book has been [illegible]great deal of thought and deliberation [illegible]able from the skill that has been used [illegible]the multitude of inventions those [illegible]of greatest use for the future de[illegible]the race. It is divided into eight [illegible]devoted to a different part of the [illegible]been aided. Along with the text [illegible]hundred of Van Loon's inimitable [illegible]ying at a glance what would take [illegible]to express.

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Having briefly explained the probable manner in which the human animal rose above his distant relative, the ape-like creature of the past, the author rapidly gets down to business and recounts the means man has employed to build up protection for his body against the weather. Since man has learned that, he has become the most resistant of all animals, living equally well in the frigid polar regions and the steaming tropics,—something no other animal has succeeded in doing except the dog. "From Skin to Sky-scraper," Mr. Van Loon entitles the chapter chronicling this evolution, for a sky-scraper is merely a modified overcoat. But with the developing of "skin," it was necessary to develop our hands so as to develop our skin—rather complicated, but true! With protection against the elements it was necessary for man to protect himself against his less civilized contemporaries and the beasts of prey. So we see man's puny arm and hand extending their power by spear, bow and arrow, and gun, and man himself, with the acquisition of a man-made cave, supplanting the hand by devices for holding things, such as our present day dinner table with its array of cutlery, glass, and china. In a hundred other ways man's brain has strengthened "the taming hand."

But with all of this assistance for our fore-legs we have not neglected our hind ones. We have slowly but steadily progressed from "shank's mare" to hurling ourselves through the air at the rate of over a mile in twelve seconds. Who today says that we have reached the ultimate speed for travel? Man may yet travel to a drier planet during a particularly slushy spring.

The second half of the book is devoted to the assistance of man's senses by mechanical means. Sound and sight have been aided beyond measure. Today it is easier for man to telephone to London than fifteen years ago it was to call San Francisco. Years ago news was carried by word of mouth, then by signal, and now radio broadcasts it so that all the peoples of the world might conceivably hear it at the same instant. Knowledge formerly was handed from generation to generation by a specially trained group of individuals who collected only what they thought should be passed on to posterity. Today paper and printing keep all sorts of diverse ideas stored up for the use of future men. Man's eye too has gained; artificial daylight has made it possible for man to enjoy his leisure time in all manner of ways,—reading, writing, through the stage, and lastly through the movie. Large pieces and tiny pieces of glass have been shaped so man can peer into the secrets of the universe. A hundred other inventions have supplemented man's original equipment for meeting the universe.

In Mr. Van Loon's own words his "book does not pretend to be a 'History of Invention.' Its purpose is to give the average reader a new point of view and to provide him with a short workable outline which will enable him to do his own classifying hereafter by himself and to get some amusement (and perhaps instruction) out of the perfectly harmless sport of dividing and subdividing all existing inventions."

Studies in Medievalism

THE FOUNDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By EDWARD KENNARD RAND. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WIT, wisdom, and scholarship are blended so craftily in these Lowell lectures that they constitute at once a notable contribution to that invaluable series of medieval studies emanating from Harvard and a pleasant introduction for the general reader to the study of medieval thought and expression. The general theme is "Christian Humanism," its origins and first expressions. In a series of studies of saints and scholars of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, studies which give the chief places to the four Latin Fathers, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory, and to Boethius, boldly described as the first scholastic philosopher, but which include also brilliant sketches of Minucius Felix, Tertullian, Lactantius, Prudentius, and Cassiodorus, Professor Rand seeks to display the real attitude towards Pagan culture of those leaders of Christian thought to whom all the Middle Ages were to look for guidance. The evidence produced is from the writings of the subjects themselves, which the reader, new to the period, will find livelier than he could have imagined; and the intellectual atmosphere thus recreated is less alien and more appealing than one has been lead to believe. Indeed the central problem of the "Founders," the reëvaluation of the traditional materials of education in the terms of a new age, new forces, and a new society, is no stranger to our own times. The lines along which that reëvaluation took place have been traced with a scholar's piety in the presence of his sources, and an artist's tact in their presentation.

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The conclusions, that the "Founders" did not reject pagan culture, but sought earnestly to adapt it to the purposes of Christianity, that they preferred to select, to distinguish, and to harmonize, that they assumed a grounding in the best pagan thought and literature as the basis of an education, and that they were, themselves, as educated men, deeply impregnated with it, will not startle any student of Taylor and Labriolle. But while serious historians continue to parrot the biased sarcasms of Gibbon, these conclusions are worth insisting on. And nowhere, so far as this reviewer has read, have they been presented with such persuasiveness, with so much urbanity and charm, as in Professor Rand's sparkling lectures. No one familiar with Professor Rand's reputation needs to be told that such a book as this is not merely a popularization of material already available. The student of the Middle Ages will find much to chew on. But the lover of literature, medievalist or not, will value not less the easy, lucid prose, the vivid illustration, the sympathetic imagination, the deft byplay of caustic irony and genial wisdom which are in the best tradition of that humanism their author illustrates and serves.

Turkish Memoirs

THE TURKISH ORDEAL. By HALIDÉ EDIB. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by NERMINE MOUVAFAC

AS she would put it herself, there is a change between the Halidé of the earlier "Memoirs" and the Halidé of the "Turkish Ordeal." Her second book is made of sterner stuff. She is strongly moved by what she has to say, and does not invest it with the artificial glamor which she knows western eyes are accustomed to seek in the East. Those who have lived through the intense days of the struggle for independence cannot but thrill at her opening chapters. How well she has caught in them the swing of those days. They were days that will never come back, and everything that pertains to them is precious. The meeting at Sultan Ahmed, the first gleams of hope, the beginnings of the Nationalist movement, the "Sick Man" giving way before men and women who were to put up such a glorious fight for their "hearths and homes," her own flight to Anatolia—an epic in itself—these make a brave tale, bravely told. But later on new elements enter her tale, and spoil it. She is attempting to size up events which are too near to us, and much too near to her. How could there be perspective in her estimate, how could her judgment be cool and impersonal? She is essentially not made for the political game; no sensitive artist is.

As a human document her book is of palpitating interest. It presents the picture of a woman of undeniably strong personality, strong ambition (though she herself may be tempted to deny this), rich, full emotions, many ideas and ideals, a woman of keen dramatic sense, who always sees herself in relation to everyone and everything she comes in contact with. This makes the little episodes she puts in here and there actual bits of human life, and the big scenes—barring their political aspect—of almost intolerable vividness. But how reliable her book is as a historical document will be known only in the course of years, when what is now the very texture of our lives will have become history, and someone will patiently check up on every fact she states and every opinion she formulates. There are doubtless slips, nor can one be sure that these are entirely involuntary. I quoted to someone a few of her statements regarding Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and his comment was, "She takes her vengeance rather like a woman," by which he meant, I think, that she is trying to belittle a great man simply because she has a personal dislike for him. One does not have to take sides in this matter in order to know that some of the things she says about him are not and cannot be true. In regard to his personal courage, for instance, her view cannot hold against that of men who have fought with and under him for years, and who all agree in calling him a perfect soldier, brave even to the point of foolhardiness. As for his share in the "War of Independence," there is no doubt but that he was the life of the whole movement, his the brain that directed, his the indomitable will to go on, his the planning of every move in the military campaign, his the farsightedness that reached into the present. The others recognized him as their leader, and a leader he was born to be.

Much as one would like to think of Halidé Edib as an authoritative chronicler of days in which she took such an eminent part, one is forced to suspect that throughout her narrative she pays a little more attention to her feelings—whether justified or unjustified it is not for me to say—than to her reason. This is a rather unhappy trait in a book which is meant to be of historical importance, but does not detract from its charm as a colorful and fascinating autobiography.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Canal Days

ROME HAUL. By WALTER D. EDMONDS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS book is the work of a son of the Mohawk Valley, who has steeped himself in the oral traditions, the old newspaper files and directories, and the physical atmosphere of the Erie Canal. The Canal—the "big ditch"—was a world in itself in the heyday of its usefulness and renown, between 1826 and 1850. It had a population, an economic life, a lingo, and a set of customs as distinctive as those of the Mississippi in the ante-bellum years so richly described by Mark Twain. Some of the elements which made up the scene were akin to those of the Mississippi; all waterside life is likely to be rough, boisterous, reckless, happy-go-lucky, and, by the standards of solid dry land, immoral. The Erie in 1850 was all this. Its flavor of the adventurous and lawless was accentuated by the contrast with the placid, stable, rather Puritan farming regions through which it ran. Along the canal one met foreign immigrants, runaway farm boys, sharpers, and seekers for excitement; it was a hiding-place for criminals; its women were a loose lot, handed about from hand to hand; it bred its bullies and champions, spoiling for a fight, and it had its own balladry and folklore.

Mr. Edmonds has dealt with this material in a fashion which shows more obvious debts to Dickens and Smollett than to Mark Twain. He has produced a loosely episodic, carefree, almost picaresque narrative. The characters fit their names—Fortune Friendly, Solomon Tinkle, William Wampy, Lucy Gurget. The humors of every eddy and bywater of life along the canal are explored. The reader is taken into the "bereavement parlor" of the Rome undertaker. He views such curiosities as the "rhumatism amputator" which Solomon Gurget buys at the Syracuse horse-fair.—"It burns the rhumatiz right out. See them little teeth on the inside? Well, you soak them in sour cider and that generates the beneficent electrical that balances the blood by getting it to a proper temperature." We fall in with the canal-town mob chasing an itinerant preacher because he has given only five sermons after being paid eighteen dollars for six, and we stand with them when he turns on his pursuers and furnishes his money's worth by preaching damnation in a final redhot discourse. We watch the life of the canal shudder as cholera threatens to sweep along it. We see the hue and cry after the runaway Western desperado. Cobbler Lerba explains that his shoes, five dollars the pair, squeak only because "the leather is so lively getting acquainted." Now and then bits of local history are woven in, as when John Durble relates how he saw the canal opened up in October of '25:

> It was a masterful event. . . . They had put cannon, you know how, all along the canal and down the Hudson. There was an old ten-pounder mounted on my rise of ground, its snout pointing west, and there was one of McDonough's sailors—an old horny man snoring upstairs in the best room—to touch it off. The neighbors came next morning early. Ellen and the woman had gotten up a big feast, and a lot of the Irishers had come in from Lockport. . . . About nine o'clock Benjy cut him a hard plug with his sailor knife. He had a tail of hair on his neck, and he'd oiled it that night, staining the piller till my wife could have cried. He wore a red-and-white striped shirt and had pressed his pants himself. They was wide pants. Now he petted the butt of the cannon and he says, "Lilah, when it comes your turn to talk, you talk out loud." He lighted his match and we stood waiting. Then a cannon sounded down by Buffalo. . . . And Benjy touched the match to the fuse and in a minute the old gun bucked and roared, and a glass broke in the window of the parlor. The Irishers jumped up cheering and the little girls commenced to cry.

As a chronicle of life on the old Erie the book is a richly colored addition to the panorama of American fiction; as a story of Dan Harrow, the hero, and Molly, the heroine, it is of inferior merit. The narrative lacks organic structure. There is no plot beyond the simple tale of Dan's adventures and misadventures in boating along the canal, and Dan is an unsatisfactory observer and protagonist. He is a clod, who never quite comes alive himself, and whose eyes are not a quick or sensitive medium. A farm lad who takes to the canal for its ready money, he falls heir to a boat when the proprietor for whom he is working dies. It is the *Sarsey Sal*, a slow and clumsy but indomitable craft. "I'll bet she keeps on moving," her first proprietor remarks, "as long as there's water to rub her belly on." Dan, busy carrying Boonville potatoes to Rome and Geneseo wheat to Albany, acquires from the bully of the canal, the muscular Jotham Klore, his "cook," Molly. A cook is a temporary wife, housekeeper, and slave. Jotham nurses his anger till the two meet again, and at the Lansing Kill there is one of the terrific fights in which men then indulged, an almost epic encounter, which goes through round after round, hour after hour, in the good Heenan-Morrissey fashion. It is one of the few points in the book where the suspense is marked, and the story of how Dan wins it and yet loses Molly is one of the best chapters. But we part from Dan with less regret than from some of the minor personages, for example, Lucy Cashdollar, who keeps the "Cooks Agency for Bachellor Boaters" and is a minor Dame Quickly.

But despite an occasional stagnancy of narrative, a faltering of interest, the novel places us in Mr. Edmonds's debt. The warm sympathy and the conscientiousness which he has expended in recreating the "big ditch" have brought their reward. He has restored the canal—"the bowels of the nation; the whole shebang of life!" John Durble calls it—to our knowledge. Heretofore we have seen it through the eyes of transients who, like Herbert Quick's Vandemark, passed along it. But its real romance was in the life of the "canawlers" themselves. They were a loose, shuffling, semi-vagabondish, but lovable set. The waterway was a sort of elongated Alsatia ribboned across New York. There was no marriage or giving in marriage, little law or obedience to law, among the professional workers on the canal. Their hard self-reliance frequently touched the brutal, as when Dan sold the corpse of his former employer for a few dollars. But they had canons of their own, they were generally good-hearted, they had a pawky Yankee humor, and they found genuine flavor in living. This is what "Rome Haul," rich in idiomatic speech, in lore of the boat and the soil, in the free and expansive spirit of 1850, has above everything else—flavor.

A Counterblast to Defeatism

ACTION, and Other Stories. By C. E. MONTAGUE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.50

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SUCH inveterate Anglophobes as Senator Jim Reed and the Honorable William Hale Thompson must be glad that C. E. Montague is dead. He was perhaps the most distinguished protagonist in contemporary English literature of a quality that the enemies, or even the rivals, of England must have viewed with considerable misgiving. "Guts" is not an adequate term for what Montague had; that quality was present in Kipling, but in the days when Kipling was still writing a defiant Toryism could put a good face on matters that, since the war, cannot be so plausibly explained away. Montague saw and accepted about everything that was wrong, with England and with human nature, but he did not see that that was any reason for throwing up the sponge; he was a survival of the type of Englishman who does not know when he is beaten. Now he is gone; and there remains, most vocally, the type of Englishman represented by the characters of Mr. Aldous Huxley, who knows he is beaten even before the battle is begun.

Of the thirteen stories in this last volume, two may be taken, by persons who have lately read "Point Counterpoint," as doctrinal sermons against the Englishman of the Huxley type—or, if you prefer, against the sort of Englishman that Huxley knows. The rest are a miscellaneous assortment, some good and some only so-so, which deserve notice mainly on account of the uproarious humor of such pieces as "A Pretty Little Property" and "The Great Sculling Race." But the title story, and "The Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna," are explicit counter-propaganda against the conviction now prevalent in England (if prominent men of letters may be believed) that "what we have to do now is to achieve the right temper in the presence of the accomplished fact of defeat." The quotation, as it happens, is from a letter addressed by an English publicist to a member of the Fifth Army in April, 1918, just after the disastrous retreat from St. Quentin, and only six months before the victorious conclusion of the war. Mr. Montague does not point the analogy; it points itself.

"One can't always bother," says one of the characters in "Action," "about the convention that talk always has to be pessimist piffle." But it is apparently only elderly gentlemen who can achieve this nonchalance; younger people (which seems to include everybody under forty) not only can but must be convinced that March 21st is final, that it can never be followed by an August 8th. To them, Mr. Montague replies somewhat brutally in "The Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna," the history of the wife of an Oxford don who yes-yessed the Browningesque optimism of late-Victorian youth, and yes-yessed as placidly the determined pessimism of our contemporaries. "We follow a fashion," she says. Optimism or pessimism, "it's good for them, just making the noises; the way crying, in reason, is good for a baby."

As to which of these positions is nearer the truth, if any, judgment must depend on one's personal preferences. A fiction writer can stack the deck and prove anything. In the title story of "Action" an elderly Manchester gentleman, observing the symptoms of approaching dissolution, decides to go out like a gentleman climbing an ice slide on an Alp—climbing as high as he can on an impossible slope, and crashing only when he can honestly climb no higher. Just as he is about to drop he discovers another couple marooned on the cliff above him, and by superhuman efforts manages to rescue them, at the cost of condemning himself to going on until Nature gathers him in.

The scorn with which Mr. Huxley would treat such a theme need not be imagined. It is quite true that elderly gentlemen who make superhuman efforts to save others do not always succeed; they may crash in disaster. But it is equally true that well intentioned and mismated couples do not always lose their only child in the agonies of cerebrospinal meningitis. Huxley stacks the deck as much as Montague; either can prove whatever he wants to prove. One must go behind the returns to find a criterion; and here, it may be suspected, the evidence is in favor of Montague. The evidence, quite simply, is the human race, which stands on its hind legs, however unstably. It would still be hanging by its tail from a tree, if it were composed entirely of the sort of people Huxley knows.

To be sure, Huxley sells; and Montague's best sale was achieved by his most Huxleyesque book, which represented Truth as quite literally on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne. But there was a good deal in "Right Off the Map" besides mere defeatism; and as to the sale of "Point Counterpoint" one may suspect that it was not so much Mr. Huxley's reflections on the intellectual necessity of defeatism that sold it as his skill in salacity. Fornication is no novelty, in either literature or history; it seems to make for literary popularity, but it has apparently no relation to the health or the decadence of a society, moralists and defeatists both to the contrary notwithstanding. Julius Cæsar and Genghis Khan were not notable for continence, but they both got away with a good deal.

These caveats are not to be taken as an assertion that Huxley is wrong; a mere reviewer has no right to offer such a suggestion. They are offered only as a matter of purely nationalistic self-defense. For comparing the Englishmen one reads about in Mr. Huxley's novels, and in novels of an entire school of which he is the most brilliant exemplar, with the Englishmen one reads about in the daily papers, one observes a considerable difference. So the suspicion arises that perhaps defeatist English novels are only part of an extremely subtle propaganda, designed to mislead the citizens of England's chief rival in international affairs into the notion that England is through. Reading "Point Counterpoint," we feel that these people need no longer be taken seriously; and for that misconception we may presently pay in debates over naval parity and the readjustment of war debts. The eccentric type of Englishman served his country well during the nineteenth century; he befogged popular opinion on the Continent, and thus made the way easier for perhaps the most astute and *Zielbewusst* foreign policy of modern times. The defeatist type of Englishman may serve an equally useful purpose in twentieth-century America.

With the Montague type of Englishman the ingenuous American at least knows where he stands. They have their wounds on the front, and so have their enemies. The injunction to beware of the Greeks bearing gifts, it may be remembered, was first applied to Greeks who offered tokens of surrender.

For the first time a complete and up-to-date dictionary of the Turkish language is being prepared by a special commission.

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Diplomatic Europe

(*Continued from page* 721)

Triple Alliance of 1882 on the one hand, the Franco-Russian Alliance of 1894 and its extension, the Triple Entente of 1904-1907, on the other, were both defensive in purpose. But as the years went on, "both systems of alliance tended to be deformed from their originally defensive character, they tended to become widened in scope to cover policies involving offensive military action." With great skill, Professor Fay shows how this change was brought about by the progressive decay of the Ottoman Empire, which stimulated the latent ambitions of Austria and Russia in the Balkans and inspired Russian, German, and British designs in Anatolia and Mesopotamia; by the German policy in Morocco, which caused French nationalist sentiment to revive and permitted M. Poincaré to tighten the alliance with Russia; by the German naval policy which led England to make commitments to France that were technically not binding but proved effective in the hours of stress; and by the conduct of Italy, who played fast and loose with both sides.

Professor Fay passes no moral judgment on any of these policies or ambitions. He is concerned to show that in 1914 the rival groups stood face to face in an equilibrium so unstable that only through the action of the Concert of Europe could the delicate structure be maintained. The policy of the Concert was most sincerely supported by Sir Edward Grey, in varying degree by German, French, and Russian statesmen, and by "Count Berchtold least of all." Professor Fay thinks that the Triple Entente was the stronger and more closely knit combination, for Italy was a dead weight in the Triple Alliance; and the events of July 1914 proved that this was the case. But he very curiously fails to mention, although he considers at some length the military and naval arangements of the Triple Entente, the naval convention drawn up by the Triple Alliance in 1913 and the German-Italian military convention of March 1914, which led the chief of the German general staff to believe that the loyalty of Italy was not open to doubt, and made even his skeptical opposite number in Vienna hopeful. Apart from this lapse, the first volume is a fine piece of historical writing, full of balance and caution. On the one hand Mr. Fay discards the wartime assumption that Germany had plotted and deliberately precipitated the catastrophe, but he repeatedly points out how her diplomatic methods created the impression that she did desire war. On the other hand, while showing that the ultimate aim of Russian policy was to secure possession of the Straits at Constantinople, and that military preparations were being made to seize them in the event of European complications, he rejects the contention of certain post-war writers that a plot was afoot to create the complications.

The second volume opens with a valuable essay on the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose murder furnished the occasion for the war. Two weeks before the murder the Archduke had been visited at Konopischt by the German Emperor, and there is a circumstantial story to the effect that the two men laid plans for an attack on Serbia which should be the prelude to a general reorganization of the map of Europe. Professor Fay, relying on the "full account" of their conversation sent to the German foreign office, concludes that "there is not a shred of evidence that the Archduke was plotting at Konopischt," and that the conversation was concerned principally with Rumania's relation to the Triple Alliance. Certainly there is no evidence of plotting; but the account of the German diplomat is not a "full" one, for it does not mention, probably because he was not informed of it, that the Archduke raised the question whether in the event of war Austria-Hungary could count on the unconditional support of Germany—such at any rate is the statement of Conrad von Hötzendorf, the chief of the Austrian general staff, on the testimony of two independent witnesses. The voluminous, confused, and often contradictory evidence relating to the murder of the Archduke, much of it mere hearsay gossip, is fully and acutely dissected, and Professor Fay's opinion that the Serbian Government "had a guilty knowledge of a murder plot, but concealed it" must be received with great respect. He exculpates the Austro-Hungarian authorities from any responsibility for what happened at Sarajevo. It is apparently unknown to Professor Fay that the former chief of police in Zagreb has stated that a month before the murder he received information about the plot, including mention of the assassin Princip, but was instructed to pay no attention to it. Also, a certain Dushan Tovdoreka has recently revived an old theory, discredited by Professor Fay, but for which Tovdoreka adduces a certain amount of circumstantial evidence, that Chabrinovitch, the second conspirator, who threw the bomb at Francis Ferdinand, was an *agent provocateur* of the Austrian military espionage and was only won over to the real plot at the last minute. Naturally such statements are not conclusive and must be treated with reserve, but they do suggest that the full story of Sarajevo, as of Konopischt, is not yet revealed.

The account of the July crisis is less satisfactory than the analysis of the preceding years. By treating the various aspects of the crisis topically instead of adhering fairly closely to the chronological order of events, Professor Fay has not only made it difficult to follow the development of the situation day by day and in each capital, but, as it seems to the reviewer, he has missed sometimes the concatenation of events, notably in Berlin on July 27 and July 29. Another weakness is that, although he describes fully the activity of the military officials, he does not sufficiently explain, in the case of the Central Powers, how their demands were dictated by strategic considerations; thus Conrad's pressure on Moltke for a statement about German mobilization was necessitated by the fact that he had to know before the end of the fifth day of mobilization against Serbia whether he must convert this partial mobilization into a general mobilization against Russia, and Moltke's anxiety was probably due not so much to the reports of Russian mobilization as to the news that the Belgians were putting Liège into a state of defence, for his whole plan of campaign depended on being able to seize that fortress by a *coup de main*. Professor Fay regards the Russian mobilization as the decisive event which ushered in the European war, and for that reason, perhaps also from considerations of space, he has quite logically reduced his narrative of the last days of the crisis to a mere summary; still, his opinions on many controversial points, such as Sazonov's telegram of July 31 stating that he understood Austria to be at last ready to negotiate, or the "misunderstanding" of August 1 between Sir Edward Grey and Prince Lichnowsky, would have been most welcome. It is also to be regretted that, while he frequently and very properly calls attention to the omissions, distortions, and falsifications of the Russian, French, and British diplomatic papers published in 1914, he does not note that in the German "White Book" the dates of telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Czar were in several cases so juggled as to give an entirely erroneous idea of what had happened.

Certain particular points also call for comment: (1) Mr. Henry Morgenthau's famous story of the "Potsdam Conference" of July 5, which is supposed to have decided on a European war, is ruthlessly examined and shown to be almost devoid of any foundation of fact. Professor Fay evidently does not believe Mr. Morgenthau's assertion that he was told the story by the German ambassador in Constantinople; but it seems to have escaped him that the German ambassador at any rate told much the same story to his Italian colleague, according to documents published by Signor Salandra, the former Italian premier.

(2) But while the Morgenthau-Wangenheim version is demonstrably absurd, the conferences at Potsdam on July 5 between the German Emperor and various officials were scarcely so innocent as Professor Fay seems to think. The German admiralty at once took what steps it could, within the limits of the peace budget, to make the navy ready for war; the minister of war, if he had had his way, would have ordered similar measures for the army (so his biographer states); and the minister of the interior wished, a few days later, to make preparations for the purchase of food. Why? Because when they learned that the Emperor and the Chancellor had sanctioned an Austrian attack on Serbia, they concluded that a European war might result. Professor Fay doubts whether Bethmann-Hollweg sanctioned such an attack, but to the reviewer the evidence—too long and complicated to be even summarized here—is conclusive that he did approve of military action, and did not merely leave it to Austria to decide what she would do.

(3) The criticism of Count Berchtold for his precipitate declaration of war on Serbia and his subsequent refusal to heed German advice in the interest of peace overlooks one important fact not mentioned by Professor Fay. Berchtold's original intention was to postpone the declaration of war until the completion of mobilization, but he received two hints from Berlin and one from the German ambassador in Vienna not to delay either this step or military operations and he acted accordingly. But the day after he had yielded to this pressure, he found himself being asked by the German Government to stop his military operations after occupying Belgrade and be content with a diplomatic solution! Having taken good care to explain his intentions to Germany and secure the promise of military support to cover a war with Serbia, he was justly indignant at the German change of front and from his point of view entirely justified in refusing all concessions.

(4) On the question of Germany's "belated peace efforts," Professor Fay has failed to notice three points. (a) At the conference on the afternoon of July 27, after the Kaiser's return from Norway, it was decided, so Falkenhayn's biographer states, "to fight the business through, cost what it might." (b) When Sazonov's request for "direct conversations" was transmitted to Vienna by the German Government, there was omitted from the telegram Sazonov's promise to advise Serbia to accept the results of the conversations—which was the essential feature of the Russian proposal. (c) Bethmann's telegram of July 28 transmitting the Kaiser's so-called "pledge plan" (the Austrians to stop when they had occupied Belgrade) was, says Professor Fay, "not sufficiently vigorous to compel immediate assent from Berchtold. Nor did it correspond precisely with the Kaiser's decisive instructions that Vienna was to be told that 'no more cause for war exists.'" This is true enough; but Professor Fay does not make clear that whereas the Kaiser desired negotiations on the basis of the Serbian reply, Bethmann's proposal aimed to secure for Austria "a complete fulfilment of the demands" embodied in the ultimatum. In other words, Austria was not asked to concede any of the points which had aroused the opposition of Russia, and it is difficult to see how, as Professor Fay remarks, "this telegram of Bethmann's was a step in the right direction."

These criticisms of his narrative are not intended to convey the impression that Bethmann-Hollweg did not, on July 27 and July 28, advise Berchtold to yield a little; what they show, it is submitted, is that the German Chancellor had committed himself to the Austrian programme more completely than Professor Fay appears to realize, and that therefore he could not and did not exert the pressure necessary to make Berchtold enter into negotiations with Russia on the Serbian question. The opinion may also be ventured that Professor Fay is unduly severe on Moltke for urging mobilization and for telegraphing directly to Conrad behind the back of the Chancellor; at least it should be said that the situation had been created by Bethmann (even if he was trying to retrieve it), not by Moltke, and that the latter was only urging what he, with the consent of the German Government, had promised Conrad in writing (though not in formal "military convention") as far back as 1909, namely, that if Austria attacked Serbia, she could count on a threat of German mobilization as a means of bluffing Russia to keep quiet or on German support if Russia made war.

For all these reasons the reviewer considers Germany's share of the responsibility for the outbreak of war a larger one than Professor Fay seems disposed to ascribe to her; but he agrees that it is futile to try "to fix in some precise mathematical fashion the exact responsibility," for the question "is after all more a matter of delicate shading than of definite black and white." His final verdict is that "none of the Powers wanted a European War," but "because in each country political and military leaders did certain things which led to mobilizations and declarations of war, or failed to do certain things which might have prevented them, all the European countries in a greater or less degree, were responsible." Repudiating the dictum of the Treaty of Versailles which laid the sole responsibility for the war on the Central Powers as "historically unsound," he rejects with equal firmness the thesis which would relieve those Powers of any and all responsibility. Professor Fay is to be congratulated on writing a book which, though not exempt from criticism, is instinct with the historical spirit and is immune to the infection of propaganda.

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The Bowling Green

MY inquiry for information about Charles M. Barras, the author of *The Black Crook,* has brought in a number of interesting letters but mostly based on hearsay. The general purport of these testimonies is that Barras was a man of considerable eccentricity. According to these accounts he was born in Philadelphia on St. Patrick's Day, 1820 or 1821, and was killed by a train at Cos Cob, Connecticut, in 1873. Many thought that this fatal accident was really suicide. He left no will, and much attention was attracted by the number of claimants to his estate. The enormous success of *The Black Crook* came too late in his career to bring him any happiness: his wife was already dying of disease.

One correspondent sends a copy of an old clipping from the New York *Sun* of May 6, 1873, which contains some curious anecdotes:—

Mr. Charles M. Barras, who was killed on the New York and New Haven Railroad at Cos Cob, Mar. 30 [1873] and about whom much interest is excited on account of the claims made for his property, had a very romantic history.

Very little is known of his early life except that he learned the carpenter's trade and served three years in the U. S. Navy, but he is known to have engaged in the theatrical business as manager, actor and dramatic author for the greater part of his life.

In his service in the navy, on the west coast of Africa, he lost all his hair by the heat. He was first manager of Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati and in that city he married Miss Sallie St. Clair, a well-known actress. After his marriage, he and his wife travelled and played together. As an author, he achieved great success in only one piece, but that one, "The Black Crook," brought him a large fortune. He had always lived exceedingly well, but prior to this success he had accumulated little or no property.

After living in Cincinnati, Buffalo, and New York, he settled in Portchester, where he lost his wife about five years ago.

Soon after this he built an elegant country house on the banks of the Mianus River near Cos Cob railroad station. He superintended the building himself and quarrels with the workmen were numerous. On one occasion, he had a fight with a carpenter which came near being serious, but turned out amusing. Finding he could not control the carpenter, he lost control of himself and had a rough and tumble fight on the top of the house. He was knocked down, losing his wig, hat and eye glasses and he was only saved from rolling off the roof by the carpenter grabbing his coat-tails.

In this house he lived with his wife's mother and sister until last year when they both died within a week's time. He then sold the house and grounds (about 2 acres) to Mr. Edwin Booth.

After this he boarded at the St. Nicholas and was in the habit of visiting the house of Mr. Lane of Cos Cob every Sunday night. It was on one of these weekly trips that he lost his life.

He was in many respects a man of unusual character, very reserved, haughty to strangers, punctilious, honorable, passionate, sometimes violent, always ready to fight anybody and very generous to friends and the poor. He always welcomed visitors, but was opposed to trespassing. A Cos Cob villager said with a sense of injury, "He had placards all over his place warning people not to trespass; wouldn't even let 'em fish along the river where folks had fished ever since the world was made. That's the kind of a man he was."

It is not known where all his money was invested. He sold his house for $49,500 and it was mortgaged for $25,000. He owned a piece of land worth two or three thousand dollars and was seen to have, a short time before his death, a diamand pin worth $5,000 of which there is no trace now.

He was an intimate friend of the late S. N. Pike of Opera House fame and used frequently to give him a few thousand dollars to use for a time, instead of letting it lie idle. It is said the Pike Estate is indebted to his estate about $10,000.

No correct estimate can be made of his wealth. He was known to speculate some in stocks and said last fall that he had made $45,000 in Erie, but even the broker's name is not known.

* * *

Clara Morris in her memoirs tells a very touching episode of her youth when she was playing a small part in a company in Columbus. Miss St. Clair, Barras's wife, was the guest star. Going to the star's dressing room to return a costume, she found Barras acting as both dresser and nurse to his wife, who was playing in spite of illness. Miss St. Clair's earning power was greater than that of her husband; she was supporting her mother and sister; and though he struggled bravely, acting, writing, translating, adapting, acting as agent, he bitterly felt the sting of his unsuccess. And Clara Morris, with the quick sympathy of her profession, tells that after this dressing-room glimpse she no longer smiled at the oddity of his appearance and speech:—

"Poor Mr. Barras! I could laugh no more at his heelless boots, at his funny half-stammer, at his ancient wig, not even when I recall the memory of that blazing Sunday in a Cincinnati Episcopal Church. The stately liturgy over, the reverend doctor ascended the pulpit and, regardless of the suffering of his sweltering hearers, droned on and Mr. Barras leaned over, and drawing a large palm fan from the rack of a neighboring pew, calmly lifted his wig off with one hand, while with the other he alternately fanned his ivory bald head and the steaming interior of his wig. The action had an electrical effect. In a moment, even the sleepers were alert, awake, a fact which so startled the preacher that he lost his place—hemmed—and ran down, found the place again, started, saw Barras fanning his wig, though paying still most decorous attention to the pulpit, and before they knew it, they were all scrambling to their feet at "Majesty Might and Power"!—for Mr. Barras had shortened the service with a vengeance; hence the forgiving glances cast upon him as he replaced his wig and sauntered forth.

Several years after that night in Columbus, when I had reached New York and was rehearsing for my first appearance there, I one morning heard hasty, shuffling footsteps following me, and before I could enter the stage-door, a familiar "Er-er Clara!" stopped me and I turned to face the wealthy author of "The Black Crook"—Mr. Charles Barras. There he stood, in apparently the same heel-less gaiters, the same empty looking black alpacca suit, the clumsy turned over collar that was an integral part of the shirt and not separate from it, the big, black satin handkerchief tie that he had worn years ago, but the face, how bloodless, lined, shrunken and sorrowful it looked beneath the adamantine youthfulness of that chestnut wig!

"D-don't you know me?" he asked.

"Of course I do," I answered as I took his hand.

"W-w-ell then, don't run away—er—er—it's against law, decency, or religion to turn your back on a rich man. D-dodge the poor, Clara, my girl! but never turn your back on a man with money!"

I was pained. Probably I looked so. He went on: "I—I—I'm rich now, Clara. I've got a fine marine villa, and in it are an old, old dog and a dying woman. Both belonged to my Sallie, and so I'll keep hold of them as long as I can, for her sake. A-after they go, w-w-we'll see what will happen then. But, Clara, you remember that time when money could have saved her? The money I receive in one week now, if I could have had it then, she, Sallie, might be over there on Broadway now, buying the frills and furbelows she loved and needed, too, and couldn't have. The little boots and slippers—you remember Sallie's instep? Had to have her shoes to order, always," he stopped, he pressed his lips tight together for a moment, then suddenly burst out, "By God, when a man struggles hard all his life, it's a damn rough reward to give him a handsome coffin for his wife!"

A queer sense of reality rises from these old clippings and anecdotes, even if only hearsay of hearsay. They have the right troupers' flavor. Only a rather desperate old trouper would have been likely to write such a play as *The Black Crook,* that farrago of fustian with pilferings from every tradition of stage lore and yet with such good theatre sense in it. To the modern reader it has the almost unbearably nostalgic charm of an old lace valentine, a mid-century mezzotint, a tune on the old music box in the attic. It is a typical paradox that while the name of the spectacle still is so famous, one recovers the identity and quality of its author only from echoes of echoes. From the very beginning the réclame of that piece was one of those queer chances that make the theatre thrilling. Mr. Barras who attended church even on the hottest Sundays became the target of violent sermoneers, whose denunciations of the production were so explicit that the congregation could hardly wait for Niblo's Garden to open on Monday. The lapse of sixty years has added curious sentimental and ironic ethers to its elderly bouquet. And somehow lately I have been seeing the tragic and preposterous figure of Charles M. Barras, even whose name sounded like a pun, coming down the darkened aisle.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Country Annals

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE titles of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels have the honesty and directness of the stories themselves. Here, they seem to proclaim, is no wool mixed with shoddy, no glossy, plausible silk fashioned from the cellulose residue of our disappearing forests. "The Village Doctor," like the earlier tales, is a straightforward narrative of the lives of recognizable human beings. The author studies these people conscientiously, yet unobtrusively, and she sets the facts about them before her reader simply and with effortless skill.

The novel takes us into a small community of Sussex farmers and tells the story of a young physician, fresh from a London hospital, who settled there some fifty years ago. In those days many of the villagers drank from the streams that drained their lands, and, when typhoid came, did their best to kill the sufferers by denying them fresh air, cooling drinks, and effective nursing. Naturally, Dr. Philip Green was lonely enough during his first year in Speldham, and when the daughter of one of the farmers—a girl educated in the city and taught by a city-bred mother to consider herself superior to other farmers' daughters—set her cap for him with a winning display of maidenly boldness, he married her. He could not know that, lured by his air of gentility and her own social ambitions, Laura had jilted a yeoman lover whom she really loved in order to achieve this marriage, or that the contrast between the rougher man's passionate wooing and his own patient tenderness would turn entirely to his disadvantage whenever Laura could not have what she wanted. What man she obtained in the end, which love proved strongest, and what happened to her meanwhile, must be left to the author and her readers. There is more than a touch of old-fashioned sentimentality at the end, and the conclusion, though convincing enough, adds little to the merit of the book.

"The Village Doctor" indeed, for all its competence and honesty and facility, seems slight in substance when compared with the author's best work. Perhaps it possesses a smoother texture, as it undoubtedly possesses considerable surface charm. However, it lacks not only the ambitious design of "Iron and Smoke" and the penetrating characterization of "Joanna Godden," but also the bigness of intention of their earlier predecessors. It remains a small thing, well done.

Rollicking Satire

SHADOWED! By HILAIRE BELLOC. With illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.50.

"I AM as profoundly attached to Anarchy and to all the principles of Anarchy, as any woman or man here present. But the only Anarchy I know is an Anarchy to be achieved by Constitutional Means." Thus Lady Caroline Balcombe, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the England (in 1979) of Mr. Belloc's fancy. Lady Caroline is nevertheless holding portfolio in the Cabinet of the Communists, headed by Mrs. Mary Bullar, and including, for the Home Office, Mrs. Bullar's cousin, a gentleman, with six generations of squires behind him, who was "therefore, naturally of the Communist party, the spiritual descendants of the old Moderates, themselves the spiritual descendants of the old Unionists, themselves the spiritual descendants of the old Tories, for, thank Heaven," cries Mr. Belloc, "there is no breach of continuity in our institutions!"

This continuity is further suggested by the fact that all these people are involved in an effort to wring from the representative of West Irania, a radical little state under the ægis of Moscow, a concession to exploit his country's valuable minerals before the concession can be bought by either of two groups of capitalists, one headed by a millionaire peer and journalist, the other by a canny Scot. And perhaps it also indicates what seems to Mr. Belloc merely the continuity of tradition that all these three rival groups start in full cry after the wrong man, an innocent, timid colonial on his first visit to England, whose protestations are taken merely to indicate "deepness," and who is hounded through a series of adventures by a consistently wrong-headed persecution which reduces him to violence and the reader to helpless mirth.

The comment of Mr. Chesterton's illustrations enriches the text every few pages, and Mr. Chesterton's rollicking pencil has never been so happy. As a burlesque mystery story, a gorgeous, breathless farce, a good humored (or usually good humored) satire on politicians, millionaires, detectives, and the devious ways of high finance, Mr. Belloc's book leaves nothing to be desired. And if one detect satire on personages and events less remote than 1979, and even find in the pudgy, bucolic Mrs. Bullar and the adventurous Lady Caroline suggestions of contemporary Titans, Mr. Belloc's inner intention and the reader's consequent unholy joy is a matter entirely between them.

It is is reported that the British Poetry Society recently withheld the award of a gold medal on the ground that the twenty-three competitors for it—all young poets—had submitted poems that were far too melancholy and gloomy.

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Easy Reading, Hard Writing

WHILE I write, the money articles tell us that, after an Arctic Winter, investment stocks are catching the first tepid rays of what looks like a sun. To bask in the coming warmth, along with these treasures, there comes a near relation of theirs, a new stock that may justly appeal to uninsured fathers of families. It is a massive edition of R. L. Stevenson's works, "collected," "limited," freshly prefaced, bound in fair blue buckram, lettered as nobly as a Georgian tombstone, gilt-edged beyond even its brethren the gilt-edged securities.

These are the things to buy, to support your old age. Good, canny layers-down of books to ripen still talk about the first collected "R.L.S.," the "Edinburgh" one, with the honest emotions of wonder, gratitude, and reverence which fire those of their fellow investors who shared in the blessings of the upright, the noble flotation of Guinness's Brewery. Then, when the Edinburgh was approaching twice its published price, there came the "Pentland" Stevenson, rich above even the Edinburgh codex in enshrining that horrific yarn, "The Body-Snatcher" (the mere advertisement of this, along the London gutters, in its first youth, is rumored to have led to the arrest of sandwich men). On eagle pinions the Pentland soared above par. You can still purchase a Pentland, as you can purchase a British gold pound, or the egg of a Great Auk. But you have to be rich and to know where to go. And so, to appease the unsated hunger of the lettered public, there comes the new thing of beauty. No doubt the thousand copies allotted to Europe were all bought up by the wise at the first whisper of their conception, as whole crops of cotton are bought by thoughtful men while the seedlings are only just blinking up into daylight. That is why one unstained by the guile of the tipster is venturing now to point to this surpassing "good thing." The tip is innocent, because too late, though even now you might possibly mark down one of the fortunate thousand, one of those who had "got in on the ground floor"—some oldish man—and settle somewhere near him, to wait till he dies.

* * *

But why this steady, lasting boom in Stevenson? The pink, square-backed "collected" Meredith did not go off with any such rush. The "New York" edition of Henry James went notoriously slowly, although it was beautiful too, and although the prefaces written for it by James divulged the closest workshop secrets that any novelist has yet confided to non-novelists. Both Meredith and James had minds of firmer and loftier build than Stevenson's. Meredith had newer, more momentous things to tell you. James, in a life of austere artistic integrity, carried the exploration of the technics of his craft into depths and recesses almost as fascinating as Leonardo da Vinci's abstruse, inspired-looking speculations about his. And yet Meredith and James lie a-mouldering, more or less, at least for the moment, while Stevenson has, so far, discomfited time and its little changes of critical fashion. Like John Brown's soul he still goes marching on, from edition to edition.

Is it that he recognized, more freely than those other two, a writer's obligation to please us all the time that we read him? Whatever Stevenson lacks, all his writing has an engaging surface. As he would have said, it arrides you; wherever you open him—novels, essays, letters, or verse—and read a sentence or two, the texture of the stuff has sparkle; whatever he means to convey at the time is being vivaciously put; the wordage is like the paint of some painters who may not be great but are always witty and winning, and treat you as no blind horse, but a man, who has some wit of his own, and takes a thing in, and knows quality when he sees it.

It is a discourtesy common in writers to tackle the reader as if he had to read them and need not be wooed—as though they were preachers in some garrison church where troops must sit it out to the end, however they may suffer. Carlyle and Ruskin, in their less inspired hours, practiced this incivility freely. Like a reader of the lessons in the services of the Church of Scotland, they challenge your attention with a prefatory "Hear now the Word of God as it is written, etc.." and then plunge straight into some knotty matter handled with less charm than that which almost always graces the pencil, as Bacon calls it, of the Holy Ghost. Some of these uncivil writers are prone to aggravate their offense by the sophistical plea that matter is more important than manner, and that if your heart be sound you need not mind how you splutter it out. They feel they are so wise or so good that they need not be urbane.

The better-bred writer begins and goes on in the faith that this is a free country where no adult need read a line that he feels to be dull; every sentence of every page is, to the writer's prescient mind, a place at which one or another reader may take his spectacles off and protest that these are no sort of victuals to offer to a free white man. A godly fear of such incidents makes him treat every sentence he writes as a possible occasion for tedium. Through each he must wile the reader unbored, remembering that one dull paragraph may rob a whole book of its chance in life. He may even tend to think of each of his longer sentences as if it were a whole book, only writ small—an organism, an affair of structural and decorative parts; he feels it should work to a climax, tie, like a tragedy or comedy, its little knot, and then untie it, and slope fascinatingly down from its meridian to its setting, ingeniously making the reader expectant while it rises to its zenith, and then amusing him with something piquantly unexpected, and yet satisfying, in the dénouement.

* * *

To the mind of such a writer clearness in the narrow sense—the thin lucidity of what passes at times for scientific statement—is not enough. He seeks to raise more logical precision to higher powers of veracity by mobilizing the subtler evocative values of words, their richness in secondary suggestion, their capacity to stimulate in the reader intuitive faculties more penetrative than formal reasoning. In his intercourse with readers he will satisfy Newman's famous definition of a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain; he will always try to be good company, to make you at home and at ease and pleased with yourself. To this end he will practice the light urbanities and coquetries of eighteenth century essayists—the allusion not made too explicit; the points only indicated, not pressed; the humorous turnings-back from the very verge of set eloquence, the headings-off of any overstrained feeling; the current implication that you are a choice spirit, quick at the uptake, and do not need to have every point stressed. Perhaps he will not quote many things in the formal way that uses the inverted comma; but he is likely to make play with the submerged quotation, the turning of some phrase of his own in a way that seems almost to wink at the reader, as though he would say, "Of course, being as well-read and bright as you are, you know what I have in mind." Whatever your own degree of education may be, you feel, as you read him, that you are getting good value for any trouble you took, or pangs you endured at school: now it is all coming in; it is fitting you to embrace this agreeable chance of consulting with the elect. There may be nobler modes of appeal, but few are more winning.

You may come to feel like Falstaff: "If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be, else: I have drunk medicines." So you have, and the philtre that has won you is compounded of many simples, some of them far from being recondite, some so obvious that if you analyze the potion you may feel you have been taken in too easily. One minor ingredient often in use is the juxtaposing of words of dissimilar origin and tradition, the long Latin adjective like "incomparable" or "invulnerable" standing up against some monosyllabic Saxon noun, with a lively effect of harmony got surprisingly out of discord. Another little recipe for vivacity is a manner of calling half-dead words back to life, reviving by dexterous use the original metaphors now petrified—for most of us—and forgotten in words like "aspersion" and "suspicion"; a lively writer calls a shower bath a light aspersion, or says of boating renewed after a frost "Again the stream suspects the keel," and, behold! the educated mind of you is pleasantly tickled; the little trick has reanimated for you the whole figurative element in language, so much of which is always tending to fade and lose vividness.

* * *

He who writes to please is apt to be drawn further and further into the exploration of the mechanics of beauty, as you may call them. Readers there are who take it ill if you suggest that beauty requires some measure of engineering. Such readers are like the old-fashioned lovers who shuddered to think that the lady should have any digestive system. They want their poets to "sing but as the linnets sing," as Tennyson audaciously suggested that he did in "In Memoriam"—Tennyson who wrote such lines as "On the bald street breaks the blank day," with its deftly bald and blank breaking of b's and l's and k's on your ear; Tennyson, who filled his "Charge of the Light Brigade" with artful imitations for the mind's ear, of the noises of rumbling guns and of galloping hoofs heard at distances that change as the astute performance goes on.

You can seldom be sure how far the maker of any particular piece of literary beauty knows—consciously knows—all the means that he is taking. When Coleridge composed—in a dream, as he alleged—

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree.
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea

was he aware that, as Stevenson showed later on, he was running hard, all through, a certain group or chord of letters—KANDLSR, the first line being built on a kind of framework of KANDL, the second on KDLSR, the third on all the seven letters of the chord, the fourth on KANLSR, and the fifth on NDLS? Did he chop and change words in his dream, perhaps using at first the word "sombre" in the third line and then saying: "No, I *must* work in that K and that D," and so substituting the word "sacred"?

We may well doubt it. Quite as probably he just kept turning each line over and over in his mind in some form which it took first, felt something gritty or obstructive here and there—perhaps in "sombre"—mused over possible alternative words, and feeling, when he tried "sacred," that the grit was gone, popped the word in, and there an end, without any consciousness of having stuck stoutly to the chord KANDLSR and escaped the seductions of the rival chord SMBR (which sounds like a useful dominant group for an "Ode to September.") But there the strong consonantal skeleton is, however it came in.

After dissecting many winning passages of Shakespeare and others, Stevenson convinced himself that the consonantal chord PVF was a kind of beauty-secret, and that in certain pieces of writing, like Milton's "praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue," Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra's barge, and the lines in "Troilus and Cressida":

> But in the wind and tempest of her frown
> Distinction, with a loud and powerful fan
> Puffing at all, etc.,

the author was feeling his way, consciously or unconsciously, towards graceful clusters of these mellifluous consonants. Certainly your V and your F have an easily slipping or gliding way with them.

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever Gods may be
> That no life lives for ever;
> That dead men rise up never;
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The charmful thing slides round full circle like a vane that revolves on ball bearings, and all the V's and F's are the balls.

But what about P? Very hard things have been

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by C. E. Montague

said about P. Some years ago, a writer in a literary journal arraigned P as "The ugliest of letters"—uglier even than S with its reptilian sibilance and its difficulty in getting on with other consonants next it. Yet P's contrive to minister to grace in the convivial catch of

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne

in "Julius Caesar." In two other songs of Shakespeare's when they are sung well, to the right tune, a perfectly placed P has a charming trick of causing a tiny check or hang in the rhythm.

Take, O take those lips away.

and

Of dumps so dull and heavy.

At each P it is as if a brook came to a stone in its way, paused for an instant and then broke upon it and flowed on; perhaps it is because the slowly formed labial marks time, as it were, for one pace, before making its little explosion, while the other consonants around it step straight on.

It may well be that Swinburne never counted up all those V's of his, nor even the ripplesome L's and R's that he crammed, along with them, into the line

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

As for Shakespeare, we do not quite see him taking the trouble. And yet it is a likely field enough for Shakespeare cryptogrammatists of a superior order.

M. O. I. A. doth sway my life.

Is nothing to be made of that as a "key" or a "clue" to Shakespeare's secret preoccupation with this letter-rigging business? Or is it just as Fabian said on its first publication, "a fustian riddle"?

❧ ❧ ❧

See how I wander. Every such question raises another and then another, as sin doth lead on sin. Consider now in the slightest, dipping way the possible delights and dangers of the melody of prose.

Some years ago a dramatic critic went to the first night of a prose play. At least, so the advertisements said. What he found himself hearing, as soon as the curtain went up, was prose of this sort:

Ah, dear playfellow, then your hand sought mine;
We wandered in the woods, and as we sat,
Beneath the summer shade, your soft cheek pressed
'Gainst mine, your little heart beat answer to
My pulse, the while we stared with anxious eyes
To see the fairies dancing in their rings.

The critic demurred, on the ground, roughly speaking, that the goods were not of the nature and quality advertised by the vendor. The author took it in good part, but he said to the critic: "I'm sorry you don't like rhythm in prose."

That almost gravelled the critic. How was he to explain, without writing a book, that rhythmical prose and metrical prose—which is verse—are different things. If you tell a man that he must not have in his prose complete lines of verse, he can truthfully say: "O, but everyone does, now and then. Not to mention Dickens, whose funerals are almost as metrical as 'Paradise Lost,' you can scarcely read a page of any English writer without finding at least one line of blank verse. There was one from your own censorious pen a moment ago: 'The author took it in good part but he—'" If you admit this to be true, but say that it is impossible, either in speech or writing, to avoid the accidental composition of an occasional line of a metre so simple and so free-and-easy, he may rejoin: "Well, a metre exactly the reverse is the classical hexameter of Homer and Virgil. So what about the complete hexameters to be found in the Authorized Version of the Bible, such as 'Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?' and 'Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter unto them?'"

At this point, the prose purist's safest plan is to ask the latitudinarian to produce a third one from the Bible if he can, or a single specimen from any other prose classic in any tongue, except Thucydides's History, in which two notoriously scannable hexameters are found. Probably he will fall back on the more advantageous ground of English blank verse and refer you, for instances of two, and even three, consecutive lines in the most respectable prose authors, to the end of "The Mill on the Floss":

The days when they had clasped their little hands,
In love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

and Ruskin's professedly prose description of the façade of St. Mark's:

Robed to the feet and leaning to each other
Across the gates, their figures indistinct
Among the gleaming of the golden ground.

Such pleas may not be wholly gainsaid. And yet prose is prose, and verse is verse, however much of the work of great masters of prose can be scanned, and however prosaic Clough's "Bothie" may be. Rare exceptions are not rules; any professional writer of prose soon comes to feel that when he flops into two lines of blank verse running, it shows he is tired and ought to knock off work for the day. Anything sentimental in a prose writer's thought, any weak, half-pressure state of his imagination, pushes him towards unconscious versification: if you have to look at many bad novels you find that a writer who is attempting a higher strain of elevation or pathos than his powers can compass, tends to drift into the metre of poetic drama. And where prose is best of all, as in parts of Goldsmith and Swift, and in Shakespeare's prose letters, it heads off any approach of formal metre with a wary persistence that cannot be accidental.

Yet such prose is at least as melodious as poetry:

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

There the rhythm undulates along with a curious gentle urgency: its modulation, quite part from the meaning of the words, goes far to express tenderness, dignity, and resignation. And yet, read naturally, it never quite takes any known form of verse. But yet, again, its music is worked out from the same units or components as is the music of metre. Like fine verse, it is an affair of stresses, and of spacings-out, of the marshalling of more and of less strongly accented syllables into an order which somehow brings beauty to pass. You can trace in it some describable rises and falls; some of its cadences are among the ones used in those masterpieces of prose harmony, the Morning and Evening Prayer of the English Church—themselves derived in this respect from the Latin Prayers of the undivided Church and, quite perceptibly, from such masters of the Latin of the prime as Cicero.

Scholarship has analyzed to some slight extent this method of achieving beauty: certain "dying" and other "falls," at the ends of resonant sentences, have received names. But prose rhythm remains immeasurably less amenable to formulation and definition than metre. And so it is more difficult. Though a poet has always to write with certain metrical conditions in mind, and though they are hard, still they do help to make his task finite; at least he knows when he has achieved conformity to them. Prose is more exacting because you never know when you have "got there"; you might go on trying for ever to come nearer and nearer to its less definable aim.

Here we are, down by a by-road again, when we meant no more than to point it out as a place where writers whose intent is all for our delight, are fond of loitering and speculating. They like to probe further and further the esthetic values of syllables and letters, stressed or unstressed, apart from the obvious sense of the words which they help to compose. As modern potters interrogate in their laboratories the glazes used in ancient China, so do these writers seek to analyze the work of classic writers, at their highest strain of beauty, in the hope of disengaging new clues to creatable grace and pleasantness.

Of the coarser results of this minding of P's and Q's one seems to see a specimen in the popular hymn:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child.

The little game the author plays with his jingling J's and M's in the first line, and the crude alliteration of his three L's in the second, are just what a dull man might take to be in the tradition of Milton's

Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse

with its bewitching chime of stressed L's in one line and of M's in the next. Done with a more subtle ingenuity, like Thackeray's exercises in the technique of Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison, or Mr. Kipling's adaptations of the workmanship of Border ballads and Bret Harte, such reconstruction may be genius creation too; what might be taken to be the researches of a Dryasdust may bring new and fresh beauty to the birth, like the violets from Ophelia's grave.

Your easy reading, Sheridan said, is "damned hard writing." If a book moves with a gliding, mellifluous, or lightly tripping gait, the seeming ease is almost always elusive. A writer who is really swift and copious, like Henry James, leaves much of the simplification, the planing, and burnishing, to be done by the perspiring brain of the reader. So the hardest reading has often been the easiest writing. It is much easier to write such sentences as "There was never a mistake for you that he could leave unmade, nor a conviction of his impossibility in you that he could approach you without strengthening," than a sentence like "He came ever in the rear ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his fancies or his good-nights . . . and now has he land and beefs." The former sentence is still in the rough; it is only at the stage of semi-raw material for the writer's craft. Grammatically, logically, it is defensible, as is the language of leases and conveyances. You can make it out if you try. It is what might have come into the head of a Goldsmith or Lamb as something that he might turn into literature. In the other sentence this transformation has been made. The words have been picked, sifted clean, and put into tune; they have taken on color; abstract description has become incarnate in sensuous images; the great escape has been made from mere intellectualism, with its universals and essences, to concrete particulars, the smell of human breath, the sound of voices, the stir of living. To do all this is work, work intoxicantly delightful to the right man for it, but still work, shouldered by the writer and not left to the reader to plug away at if he can and will. A writer who shoulders it with a will may be, like Stevenson, no great thing as a man, or a philosopher. But if he have wit and some skill at his trade, he will be kindly regarded by readers; much will be forgiven him—washy sentiment, commonplace thought, want of structure in the larger sense—just because he does not take it on himself to serve up his salads without any attempt at a dressing.

The foregoing essay is the second by C. E. Montague to be printed by THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE *since his death last Spring. With his decease passed one of the finest spirits of contemporary English letters, a journalist of force and ideals, and a novelist of growing power. He was a director and constant contributor to the "Manchester Guardian," and served in the army from* 1915 *to* 1919. *Among his published works are "A Hind Let Loose," "Fiery Particles," "The Right Place," "Rough Justice," and "Right Off the Map" (Doubleday, Doran). We review on another page a volume of short stories just off the press, wherein is set forth a characteristically Montaguean philosophy, in tales effective not only for the manner of their telling but for the wise and humane spirit that informs them. We refer the reader to the note on page* 722 *for the comment of an English contemporary upon Montague.*

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Books of Special Interest

London Play Houses

THE COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION STAGE. By LESLIE HOTSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON. Yale University

THOUGH the publisher's note gives him his academic title, Leslie Hotson rightly stands in his own name on his title-page. His earlier work on Marlowe won him an independent name for brilliant interpretation and thorough investigation. In this new volume, the imprint of the Harvard University Press and the author's recognition, in the preface, of his Harvard and Yale connections show his academic background, but he stands forth clearly as a self-reliant and original investigator. He has the hunter's zest for the chase and an instinct for picking up the scent where many lose it. He has, of course, the common faculties of energy and endurance, but he has also the rare gift of intuition. It was this which served him in good stead in his pursuit of Marlowe, for dogged determination alone would not have brought him to his quarry. His sportsman's instinct is keen, his sense of detection quick. Those who ride with him will not come back empty-handed, nor will they lack the lure of the chase.

The literalists, perhaps, will be reminding us that Dr. Hotson rides his hobby indoors—that his real field is the London Record Office. And the Gradgrinds will find in plenty their "Facts-facts-facts" in this carefully documented record of the Commonwealth and Restoration stage, though they may deplore the author's refusal to "kill outright the robber Fancy." But it is just this refusal to deaden the interpretation that happily robs of its dulness the record of facts. Too often the shades of the Record Office have closed upon the growing scholar and turned him into a stunted compiler. Dr. Hotson knows the discipline of documents but has won the mastery over them.

This new work is primarily a history of London playhouses and players from 1642 to 1704. Its direct concern is with the local habitation and external aspect of English plays during the Commonwealth and Restoration periods. At times, as in the chapter on Davenant's "Opera," it bears on the inner content of English drama, but the play itself is not the thing. Insistence on the theatrical, as distinguished from the dramatic, record gives the work its essential unity and permits intensive study within definite limits. It is this point of approach which perhaps partly accounts for the rather summary dismissal of the interregnum "drolls" without the proportionate attention which historians of English drama would have welcomed. Even apart from questions of their actual content, sources, and dramatic worth, the "drolls" merit fuller treatment since they are of more than incidental importance to the author's main contention as to the continuance of public entertainments during the period when theatres were banned by Puritan edict. The extensive treatment given in a separate section to "Bear-Gardens and Bear-Baiting" is apparently justified on this very ground. While individual questions may thus occur, from time to time, as to the relative stress laid on different aspects of the main subject, and while the author's ingenuity in ferreting out legal and genealogical details sometimes tempts him to minor digressions, the work retains the essential sense of direction and reaches its set goal.

Leslie Hotson's work is, in the fullest sense, constructive. The Restoration playhouses are literally restored and visualized with the aid of various contemporary maps, plans, and pictures, and with such devices as the author's own diagram of the location of the first Duke's Theatre and of adjacent buildings. Less tangibly, but no less surely, Leslie Hotson shows his sense of structure in the accounts of the formation and development of the companies of players from 1660 to 1704. Whether he is recreating the actual playhouses or the players that peopled them, his skill and sympathy are equally clear. The wealth of new materials shows the master-workman, but it is mastery of interpretation rather than of detail that gives Leslie Hotson's work its final distinction.

The City

URBANIZATION: Its Effect on Government and Society. By JOHN GIFFEN THOMPSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

FROM the beginning of recorded time people have been accustomed to think in terms of the city rather than of the country. We think of Babylon, Ninevah, Jerusalem, Antioch, rather than of the country round about. We think of Constantinople, Rome, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg (currently called Leningrad until the next successful revolution) rather than of the conglomeration of nationalities and provinces of which they are the center. We think of Boston, before we think of Massachusetts; of New York city, rather than of the State; of Philadelphia before we think of Pennsylvania; of Chicago before Illinois; of Denver, before Colorado; of San Francisco before California.

Notwithstanding this outstanding fact, there has been an age-long conflict between the country and the city the end of which is not yet in sight. The "rural bias," as Professor Thompson aptly calls it, has been defended by philosophers and writers from Aristotle and Cato, in ancient times, through the medieval centuries right down to the present. These have claimed that the land "is the nursery of the people" and that "those whom the land nurses the cities eat." In the words of one of the most recent commentators (Edward Marshall), "I am driving at the almighty truth that if nations and empires are to endure they must root themselves in the land. No tree can flourish for long that tries to suck its strength from brick and mortar; it must dwindle and perish."

It must be frankly conceded that the census figures do not indicate either a perishing condition or any perceptible dwindling. The world over, and we must not think of the farm to city trend as an American problem solely, there has been what Thompson calls "a disproportionately rapid growth of the city population and the consequent growing concentration of the population in urban centers." In his opinion these are among the most striking features of recent times in the development of advanced countries.

Nevertheless these rapidly growing city populations have continuously fallen short of the representation in legislative bodies to which their proportion of the total population has entitled them. In Rhode Island, West Greenwich with 367 inhabitants has the same representation in the upper house as Providence with its upwards of 250,000. In Connecticut, Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, and Waterbury with 535,000 in 1920 have the same representation as Colebrook, Hartland, Killingworth, and Union with 1800 in the same year. Similar discrimination exists in other states, in some of which, as in the case of Chicago, the big city is hopelessly at the mercy of the smaller communities. It is to be regretted that Professor Thompson has not more fully developed this discrepancy of representation and dictation as it is one of the serious and outstanding features of the municipal problem. What he has to say is fair and accurate enough, but by no means adequate. The discussion of American conditions in this connection, however, is far more satisfactory than of foreign conditions.

It is interesting to note that the "city-ward trend" is more marked in European countries and especially in England and Wales, where the urban population has reached 79.3% in 1921; in Saxony, 73%. In Australia the six provincial capitals represented 43% of the population in 1921.

In addition to being a dominating factor in many directions the city is a great battle ground between vice and immorality; between old and new standards of morality; between the political boss and the social worker; between party and community loyalty; between materialism and spirituality. It is likewise the battle ground of industrialism and democracy. On each of these points we have an abundance of evidence adduced, both *pro* and *con*, if anything in almost too great profusion for a book that is to be read through. If, however, it is to be regarded as a reference book, then this redundancy may be considered as a merit.

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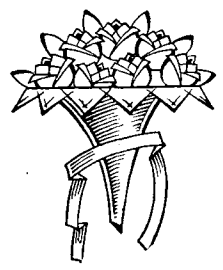

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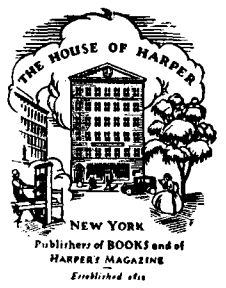

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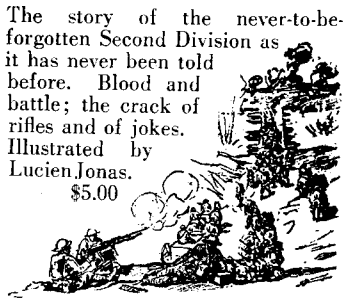

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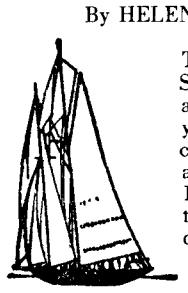

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WANDA (Der Dämon). Roman von GERHARD HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 1928.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

SOME forty years ago the doctrinaire and theorist of Young Germany, Arno Holz, appeared as prophet of the naturalism created by Zola and announced: "Art has the tendency to return to nature; it does so according to its means and their employment," a statement which he later condensed into the formula: "Art = nature — x."

With the collaboration of Johannes Schlaf the theory was put into practice in a volume of sketches, "Papa Hamlet," which appeared under the pseudonym "Bjarne P. Holmsen" and made a sensation in literary Germany. In the course of that year was published the first play by Gerhart Hauptmann, "Before Sunrise." Both the play of Hauptmann and the second and last word of the firm Holz-Schlaf, "Familie Selicke," were performed by the *Freie Volksbühne* in Berlin and shocked the audience and struck a few discriminating critics, even of the older generation, like Theodor Fontane, as a remarkable new departure.

A remarkable new departure it was indeed, this application of Zola's naturalism to German drama, and subsequently to fiction and poetry; for it proved to be the right medium for the expression of the new spirit. Tolstoy had awakened the altruist conscience of Young Germany; Ibsen had opened psychological perspectives. Other forces were at work to dissociate German literature from the false pathos and inane sentimentalism and hollow phraseology of the older generation. A new language was spoken on the stage, in fiction, in poetry.

Why this excursion into the past as introduction to the review of a book of to-day? Because it will be forty years in October when Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise" was produced in Berlin, and his new book suggests comparison with its predecessors. Because, true to the spirit, which raised Young Germany of that period above the fatuous self-complacence of the fathers, resting upon the laurels of Sedan, Gerhart Hauptmann has ever since been the poet of the submerged, the crushed, the lost, the vanquished. It is easy to trace that thread in his work, beginning with "Before Sunrise" through "Hannele" and "Emanuel Quint" and other works to "Wanda." In all of these works Hauptmann takes the reader by the hand and leads one to the abodes of the poor or the victims of their vice or their delusion, and pictures their sufferings with all their sordid, sometimes nauseating details, and has them speak their language. If the pictures are photographic, the language is phonographic, so accurately does he transcribe the vernacular of the slums, the gutter, the booze-den.

The novel "Wanda" has the subtitle "Der Dämon," and is the story of Paul Haake, a gifted young sculptor, who had risen from the ranks of the people to such eminence in his art, that he is considered for a professorship at the art academy of Breslau. At this auspicious moment in his career he meets his "demon," a girl whom he had saved from the streets, housed, fed, clothed, and, after making her his model, intended to make her his wife. All seems well, until the day when from the window of his studio they watch a circus procession and Wanda is hypnotized by the tricks which a horse-trainer and trapeze artist seems to perform for her special beenfit. She disappears. *Am Weibe zu Grunde gegangen* is a theme frequently harped upon by German writers. Haake's mad infatuation for the girl seals his doom. Leaving everything behind him, he starts in pursuit of the troupe. She returns to him at intervals only to leave him again after he has given her all his money. Although his repeated succession of good resolutions and pitiful relapses into degrading self-abandonment makes at times tiresome reading and stirs something like impatience with his weakness in one's mind, one feels the deep sympathy of Hauptmann with his hero and is infected by it.

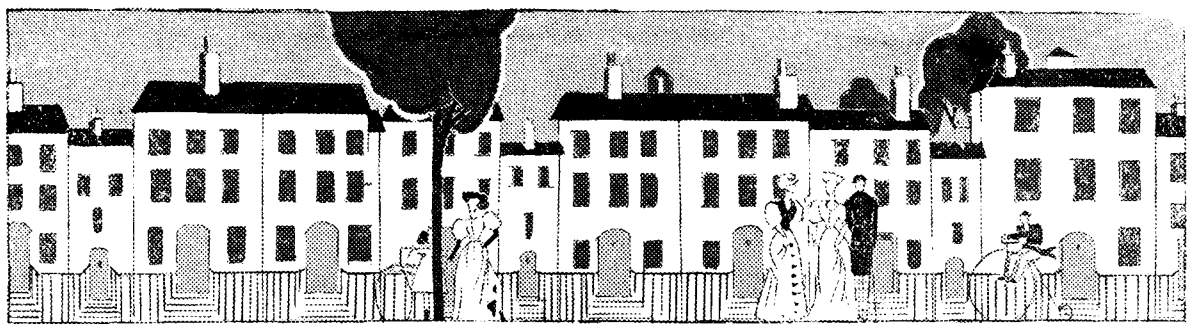
It is curious that the figure of the irresistible Circe of the circus never sufficiently materializes. One can see Haake in all his moods, the scoundrel Flunkert and his pompous mother, owner of the circus; but Wanda remains elusive. Did the poet Hauptmann intend to make her merely a symbol? "Der Dämon, das Dämonische" are terms frequently met in German literature. Did he intend this sordid record of Haake's wanderings about the country in pursuit of the rope-dancer as a sort of allegory—the artist's struggle with his demon?

A comparison of this story with his earlier works suggests some questions. Has Gerhart Hauptmann in the course of these forty years developed beyond the naturalism as it manifested itself in those early attempts at founding a new style, one that would express the new spirit? The technique seems still to be based upon the formula of Arno Holz: Art is nature minus x. American novelists who are now trying to do what Young Germany did forty years ago might take a warning: that with all their meticulous recording and reporting of details, all their imitation of nature, their slavish adherence to "truth," their art, too, will never be anything but nature minus x. And the x should be written in capital letters.

MAGIE NOIR. By PAUL MORAND. Paris: Grasset. 1928.

A prose epic of the African race has been powerfully written by Paul Morand. Starting with the Antilles, finishing with Soudan, it gives three striking portraits which stand forth from a background of Voodooism, while the tom-tom beats sullenly through the jungle. The black czar, Occide, makes a strong impression. The scalpel of the French psychologist bares the innermost recesses of the savage soul, dwelling chiefly upon that incurable hatred for the haughty white race which leads to acts of cruel vengeance. Occide dynamites the American club, becomes the triumphant tyrant over his people, but continues miserable; he cannot conquer the Whites. After Occide comes Congo, the dancer with all Paris at her feet. Then, the Blooms, a "Creole" family which emigrates from New Orleans to Manhattan, obsessed by the frenzy to pass for white. The oozing forth of the fatal black streak finishes a love affair for beautiful Poolie and sends the family back to the south, raging. The final story is about Mongkou, who fails to dance continuously for twenty-four hours to gain his kingdom, and is thrown to serpents.

Herr Werner Hegemann, a German writer, according to the London *Observer*, has undertaken the analysis of Frederick the Great "in a spirit of devastating exposure. He calls his volume Frederick the 'Great.' The results of his exhaustive research are thrown into the form of lively dialogues. We are given a picture of all Europe in Frederick's time, including Voltaire and the Pompadour no less than Maria Theresa and Catherine. An English translation will be published shortly."



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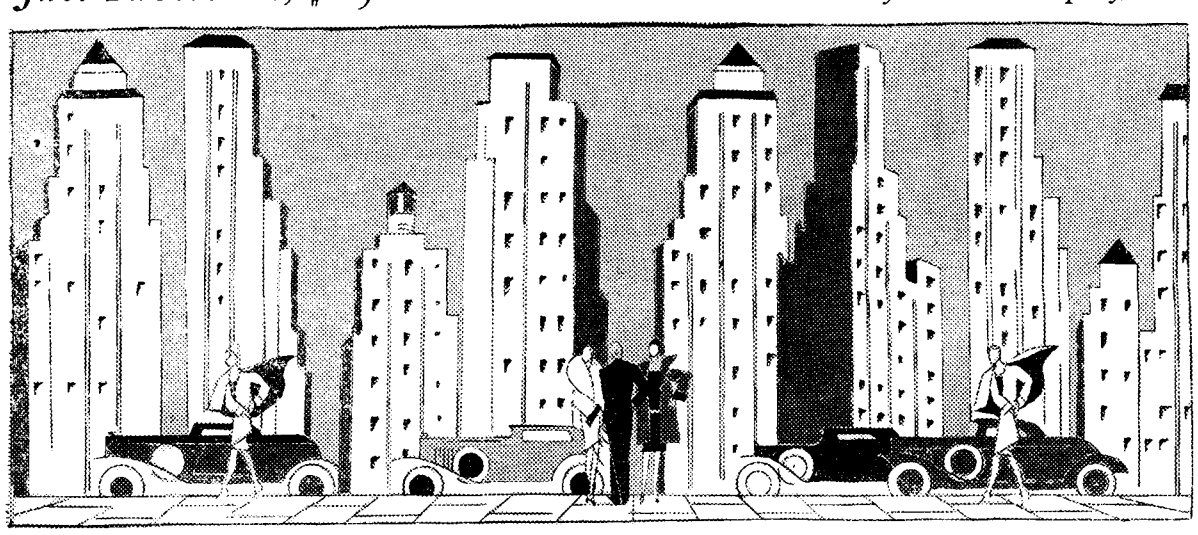

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Points of View

A rejoinder by Mr. James Shotwell to the letter on Anglo-American Relations by Mr. Frank Symonds which appeared in last week's issue of The Saturday Review of Literature *will be printed in this department next week. Mr. Shotwell is well known as one of the men said to be most closely associated with the framing of the Kellogg treaties, as well as one of the outstanding authorities in this country on international relationships.*—THE EDITOR.

Believe It or Not

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I was interested, in general, in Allan Nevins's review of Ripley's "Believe It or Not!" in your issue for February 9; and I was especially interested in the citation of a "French family named 1792," and of a "son who was called March 1792." Now, you may "believe it or not," but it is a very entertaining fact that the Japanese (and other Orientals) are prone to the use of numbers in the names of things, places, and persons. "There's a reason for it," and it is usually a really interesting and instructive reason. I have a collection of literally thousands of such numerical names and have treated the subject at some length in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (Tokyo).

It will be sufficient for the present purpose to cite only a few of the "queerest specimens." For instance, "December 31" is a given name, perhaps because the child was born on that day; "Sixteen," "Twenty-three," and "Twenty-five" are names given to children born in those years of the "Meiji Era"; and "Fourteenth Day" and "Fifteenth Night" appear as given names. "Fourth Month, First Day" is not an "April Fool," but is a name that marks the date when it was a suitable time to take off the wadded garments worn in winter. "100-100 100-100," as both family name and given name, make a good combination of the "perfect number"; another combination in "100-100 1,000-10,000-100,000,000" is more complex. A former student of mine in Tokyo was given a name reading "ten-thousand, one thousand, one hundred"—round numbers of good omen.

"Nine inches, five tenths" is a family name, with "7-5-3-2-3" as the given name. Three members of one family were named "Ten Dollars," "One Hundred Dollars," "One Thousand Dollars"; but they do not seem to be any relation of the American "Captain Dollar," except in name. The English name "Dogberry" has its Japanese counterpart in a surname meaning "Dog-days." One Japanese boy was burdened through life with the names "123456 78910." But the queerest and most ingenious name of all is one which, to give its equivalent in English, would be written "3 quarts 1 pint 3 gills," but pronounced "Not four quarts!" There are also, in Japanese, many cases of palindromes and of puns (to which the syllabic Japanese language lends itself better than does English). These specimens may be enough ("ten parts" in Japanese), or more than enough ("twelve parts").

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Floral Park, N. Y.

Caspar Hauser

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I be permitted space in your *Review* to call attention to what seem to me to be two inaccuracies in the criticism by Joseph Jastrow of Wassermann's "Caspar Hauser"? The first occurs in the words: "In 1928 Herr Wassermann, novelist, proposes to erect 'a mental monument,' etc." Jacob Wassermann may have written his introduction to an American edition in 1928 or the translation may have been made in that year, but the book itself was written and published in Germany more than twenty years ago. The second point is in the sentence: "Herr von der Linde sought the original records drawn up a few days *before* the myth arose." There was no time before the myth—if myth it was—arose. May I ask Professor Jastrow if he has read the testimony of Rittmeister von Vessenig to whom the letters were addressed, which Caspar Hauser brought with him to Nürnberg? Von Vessenig saw the boy in the evening of the day of his arrival in Nürnberg. Has Professor Jastrow read the testimony of Hitler, the keeper of the Vestner Tower where Caspar Hauser was taken on the night of his arrival in Nürnberg, and under whose strict surveillance the boy was kept for weeks? Has Professor Jastrow read the testimony of Professor Daumer? The direct testimony, I mean, not as interpreted by A. von Linde writing in Wiesbaden in 1887. Finally, has Professor Jastrow read the testimony of Anselm von Feuerbach?

Von Feuerbach was one of the greatest jurists whom Germany has produced. He was also a man of the highest standing and integrity. Caspar Hauser had been over a month in the Vestner Tower when von Feuerbach first visited him and he has left a masterly description of that meeting. Far from Caspar Hauser being able to perform the varied stunts Professor Jastrow attributes to him, von Feuerbach says among other things: "The words the boy knew he could speak clearly, but his vocabulary was of the scantest so that it was impossible to carry on a regular conservation with him." Later Caspar Hauser visited for weeks in von Feuerbach's home in Ansbach, where he was daily and hourly under the keen observation of his host. Still later Caspar Hauser, at von Feuerbach's request, was brought from Nürnberg to Ansbach and lived there under the jurist's protection. From his profession and long years of training von Feuerbach was eminently fitted to dispel a myth or dispose of a fake. Curious that just in the case of Caspar Hauser he lapsed "from his usual acumen." For one hundred years a fierce controversy has waged over the strange history of Caspar Hauser. Volumes have been written for and against him and up to the present day the interest, in Germany, is still keenly alive. After an exhaustive study of the case, on whichever side one may take his stand, the fact of Caspar Hauser is not one that can be swept aside with a wave of the hand or a few contemptuous sneers.

ETHEL B. ACHESON.

The Amphibians

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

S. Fowler Wright's "Deluge" was regarded as well earning its status as a best-seller. His "Island of Captain Sparrow" was rated a rattling adventure story. There remains his other novel, his first as I suppose, "The Amphibians," which is not likely to be reprinted here; for who would publish a story which has no sex of any sort, no fight for property or for dominion,—in short, no interest which is not found in "Robinson Crusoe"? And yet "The Amphibians" is an amazing *tour de force*.

Apparently Wright had been reading Wells's "Time Machine" (which he cites in the first chapter) and had made up his mind that it was a good conception, but this was not at all the way such a far-evolved world would be. Possibly he had also been reading Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" on the subject of evolution directed by the evolvend's will. At any rate he thought over the things that Wells ought to have said until he made up his mind to say those things himself.

The book is a successful attempt to show what a world of beings evolved far beyond present humanity would seem like. The writer has reasoned out, and undertaken to guide himself by, such principles as these: A human being projected into such a world would find himself in the position of a dumb animal in our world. The first impression the new world would make would be that of horrible frightfulness; gradually he would begin to adjust himself to it; he might even acquire enough efficiency in it to be somewhat formidable by his unusualness, though with a misfit formidableness. The powers of the super-evolved race would seem to us supernatural (Wright's conception of evolution is too Shavian to pass muster with a biologist for a moment, but his artistic view of the way it would seem to a visitor out of our world is thoroughly sound). The ages of future evolution would not only have developed man into a new race or into new races quite different from each other, but it would also have raised some creatures utterly different from man to a level as high as ours or in some respects higher (I would add that the idea that the human race or its descendants would play any part at all in that age is one of the most dubious parts of the prophecy.) The new world would be interested in things that we have not learned to be interested in. And (one of Wright's keenest perceptions) the dominant race of the new world, the race most highly civilized as we measure civilization, might well not be identical with the race most highly evolved and evidently destined to be dominant in the next age to follow.

It seems to be understood that profits are made in trade by suiting eighty-five per cent of the population. This eighty-five per cent will never take an interest in anything so alien to the human nature that we know. But to one who can appreciate the imagination of a world thoroughly other than ours Mr. Wright's extraordinary success in picturing such a world will be a literary event long to be remembered—for there is grave doubt whether it will soon be matched.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Philologist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your number for January 10, Professor Allan Nevins "wonders why the late Raymond Macdonald Alden is described as a philologist." Let me help Mr. Nevins out of his wondering state of mind. The Oxford Dictionary thus defines the term in question: "One devoted to learning and literature; a lover of letters or scholarship; a learned or literary man; a scholar, . . ." One concludes that Alden is described as a philologist because that is precisely what he was.

KEMP MALONE.

Baltimore, Md.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

CHRYSALIS. By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

Though many nature and home loving persons will enjoy "Chrysalis," it must inevitably appeal most to those who know Vermont and to whom the state has other than a presidential meaning. If your favorite window has framed a gorgeous mountain scene, you will understand why it is so important to the author that her French windows do likewise; if you watched the flood of a year ago rise devastatingly higher and higher, you will sympathize when the cellar of the new house was endangered and rejoice when it was spared; if you have been rested by the quiet murmur of a brook, you will be glad that the house Chrysalis was built beside just such a Vermont stream.

Not merely colloquial, however, "Chrysalis" has adequate appeal for those who have not New England memories to lend a familiar flavor to the book's charm. The restfulness of "getting back to nature" is in it; the fun, the anxiety, and the qualms of house planning and building are there; and quiet touches of philosophical whimsy and kindly humor add a pleasant quality.

A human interest story, built of fact as well as fancy, "Chrysalis" will indeed please you if you are looking for other than exciting narrative, sophistication, or utter abstinence from sentimentality.

DREAMING. By *Gerald Bullett*. Harpers.

Biography

THE GOLDEN SQUAW. By WILL W. WHALEN. White Squaw Press. 1929. $2.10.

Father Whalen's subtitle describes his book as "Being the Story of Mary Jemison, the Irish Girl Stolen by the Indians from Buchanan Valley, Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1758." Mary, it seems, was a lovely blonde of eighteen, who, after the Indians had massacred her people, remained voluntarily with the aborigines until her death at the ripe age of ninety-two, married one brave and bore him a son, then a Seneca chief by whom she had two more sons, one of these the murderer of his elder half-brother. Why Mary preferred to live with the savages, though she did so uncontaminated and with but partial adoption of their ways, is a mystery left unexplained, but perhaps it was because of gratitude for what the Indians did to her family. Hers is a very naive, bloodthirsty, but undoubtedly true story, in which the author sometimes seems to have his dates mixed. It does not appear to be proper fare for grown-ups.

LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE. By *Harriet Seelye Rhaes*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

LETTERS FROM BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL TO A NIECE. Edited by *Gwendolen Greene*. Dutton. $3.

PLAIN PEOPLE. By *E. W. Howe*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

GLADSTONE AND PALMERSTON. Edited by *Philip Guedalla*. Harpers. $5.

DAYS OF FEAR. By *Frank Gallagher*. Harpers. $2.

OUTLAW TRAILS. By *George Witten*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

ABIGAIL ADAMS. By *Dorothy Bobbé*. Minton, Balch. $3.50.

Drama

THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE. Scribners. $5.

PLAYS BY LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude*. Oxford University Press.

THEATRON. By *Clarence Stratton*. Holt. $7.50.

GREAT ENGLISH PLAYS. Edited by *H. F. Rubinstein*. Harpers. $3.50.

CAPRICE. By *Sil-Vara*. Adapted by *Philip Moeller*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Education

GREEK PHYSICAL EDUCATION. By *Clarence A. Forbes*. Century. $2.25.

CENTURY READINGS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS. Edited by *Frederick E. Pierce*. Century. $3.50.

PETRONIUS: THE SATIRICON. Edited by *Evan T. Sage*. Century. $2.35.

CAPRI-ERINNERUNGEN. By *Paul Heyse* and *August Kopisch*. Edited by *Ernest A. Kubler*. Crofts.

THE BRANOM PRACTICE TESTS IN ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY. By *M. E. Branom*. Macmillan.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD. By *Paul Hanly Furfey*. Macmillan. $2.25.

THE COSMOPOLITAN EVENING SCHOOL. By *John F. Friese*. Century. $3.

DIFFICULTIES IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT. By *Mary Chadwick*. Day. $4 net.

Fiction

THE THREE PASSIONS. By COSMO HAMILTON. Putnam. 1928.

Money, religion, and love are the three passions that, according to Mr. Hamilton, have always dominated mankind. They certainly dominate this novel. One can justly accuse Mr. Hamilton of a good many things—among them, sensationalism, exaggeration, and superficiality; but somehow we realize, after we have floundered about half-way through "The Three Passions," that we are enjoying ourselves. Our pleasure is slightly reluctant, but it definitely exists. Mr. Hamilton's characters are highly spiced, almost caricatures of well known types that we have often met in fiction; neither they nor the narrative is ever dull, however, even though both are usually predictable. We know pretty well what is going to happen when we have the soft-hearted but hard-shelled father who wants his literary-esthetic son to go into The Business, when we have a determinedly flapperish young person who is out to marry the boy. The chief variation from the routine is the boy's mother, a thoroughly objectionable harridan. "The Three Passions" is a lurid novel of fake high-life, a novel that by its very excesses tricks us into a shamefaced enjoyment.

TOILERS OF THE HILLS. By VARDIS FISHER. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.50.

Is the author of this novel a man or a woman? We are inclined to believe that a woman tells the story. Our reason is that the character of Opal, the Idahoan farmer's wife, is noticeably sure and deft in its development. Not many men could write so quietly of an extraordinary woman. Opal's husband, Dock (hardly less well drawn), is a true pioneer, not the aggressive, forward-pushing type, but a stolid, persevering slave to the land. There is hardly any story in "Toilers of the Hills"; there is no faintest trace of plot. The most we find of action is the drab struggle of Dock to make a living from the dry, hilly acres that he has chosen for himself on the slopes of a God-forsaken valley. We find real drama in the harshness of the forces that work against him: the cumbering snow, the interminable rainless days, the vicious summer storms, the intractability of the soil. The climax of this drama is the attainment of a good crop of wheat, the first in all the forty-odd years of Dock's gnarled life. Vardis Fisher makes us feel the significance of this rich crop, and therefore the narrative largely justifies itself. Very often we are delighted as we read compelling passages of description; the characters are always excellent. But it is doubtful whether the average reader will find enough movement in "Toilers of the Hills" to satisfy him.

THE HIDDEN WOMAN. By JAMES HAY, JR. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

The best feature of this skilfully constructed detective story is the striking effectiveness of its dénouement, the complete surprise in the revelation of the killer's identity. A fashionable Washington widow of depleted means has gone to spend a month secluded, for reasons of personal safety, in an Asheville bungalow. Some one of several logical suspects murders her, actuated by motives which are at first undiscernible. But soon a private detective, working on the case, brings to light staggering truths about the widow's past which amply explain why a number of shady characters should want her put out of the way. The book, as well as most of Mr. Hay's other mystery novels, is considerably superior to the average native product of this type.

NEVER GO BACK. By GEORGE BOAS. Harper. 1928. $2.50.

A small California university is the scene of Mr. Boas's first novel. The difficulty of an instructor's readjustment to academic life after months in the A. E. F. is its thesis. Neither background nor problem is dealt with in a first-class manner. When we have finished the book we are by no means convinced that one should "never go back" to old, bruised friendships or to a scheme of life that has been temporarily set aside. Mr. Boas has had a varied experience in college teaching, and many of his observations concerning the campus and the faculty club are of interest. None of them, however, is brought forward with force or vitality. Harper, the main character, is not really successful; the portrait of Tillingstone, an ascetic philosopher, is decidedly more consistent and subtle.

(*Continued on page 737*)

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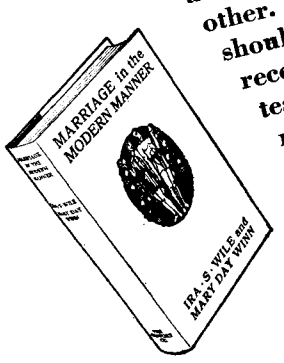

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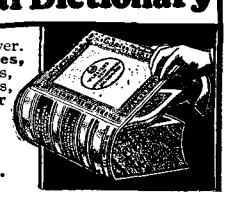

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 54. You have been commissioned to design a special deck of cards for the Bridge-cum-Literature Club of America. Each of the sixteen court cards is required to bear the facial likeness of a living American author. Mr. Mencken, for instance, might be the Knave of Clubs and Miss Millay the Queen of Hearts. These examples may, if you like, be incorporated. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the list of suggestions carrying the most amusing critical implications. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 11.)

Competition No. 55. We print below a selection of the outstanding entries submitted in Competition No. 52 which offered a fifteen dollar prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." The winning poem, incidentally, has already been chosen and is included among them. A further prize of fifteen dollars is now offered for the best critical review of these poems. This must not exceed 400 words exclusive of quotations. Competitors are required to choose their own prizewinner and discuss the remaining poems in order of merit as far as possible. The authors of the poems are not debarred from participation in this contest. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 25.)

(La Corbeille de Pommes)

ARTICULATE upon the wall
To thrill me with its crimson call,
Within a gilded frame lies pent
The magic wine of love's content.

Dare my lips touch one ruby rind
To taste a nectar half divined:
Dare I steal from the tempting plate
The fabled fruit of which Eve ate?

Shall I deny its siren song,
And pungent scent of vintage strong,
Till frosty age saps all its red
And leaves it tangless and quite dead?

Eve gave up Paradise for this;
But found one fairer in a kiss.
Come magic fruit, your mad wine give—
My lips touch thine—I live—I live!

No mincing mind, but lusty man,
Spoke through the brush of Paul Cezanne.

"ORANGE."

"Still Life!" says youth. "And we must face again
This confused mixture of delight and pain?"

(Youth, that makes play with thoughts of suicide,
Knows not how bitterly the old men died.)

"APPLE."

Massed red and yellow, dabs of green,
Magenta sprawling vivid,
And all the wrested planes between
A nice old blue gone livid.

Ah yes, a loaf, a jug, a pear,
Against a crooked platter,
And here a figurine, and there
A lute or some such matter.

But now it quakes, and glimmers start
To flicker lively o'er it;
I know it's modern, hope its art,
And stand in awe before it.

"PEACH"

Smoke on the hillside, smoke in the glen:
What can be the matter with the revenue men?
Smoke curling up in the bright mid-day!
Where does it come from, old man? Say!
Vinegar Ridge, and Crow's-foot Hollow—
Any old backwoods path you follow.
You ask me? . . . . .
Didja see in the papers, a few weeks back,
Some feller hit the trail thar, and ain't come back?
Wall, stranger—you'll agree
That it ain't right healthy fer a man to trifle
With a blue eye squintin' down a long squirrel-rifle;
And a feller's a fool fer to go ahead
A-huntin' after copper when he's bound to find lead.
But say, old-timer, tell me: Is it true
That I can buy a bottle of Kentucky Mountain Dew?
Thar's hickory on the fire, nubbins in the mash,
And whiskey in the bottle, if you got the cash.
Good corn likker, eh? You jest bet!
But drink it in a hurry—it's the last you'll get.
Never mind the handcuffs, and don't show yer star.
My sons ha' got you covered, fer they knowed who you are,
And they knowed you was comin'.
See that coffin over thar?

"QUINCE"

Vivid and vital he was then, and now
The hand that wrought, obedient to his will,
The head that bears so sculpturesque a brow,
Are still, though they in life were rarely still.

Pathetic flotsam of the human sea,
Compassion stirs to see him lying thus,
And yet he looks upon eternity
Beholding things that yet are blind to us.

"NECTARINE"

The room was hung in dead-blue purples,
Jade gods on table near the stair,
A flame . . . a shawl of brilliant orange
Was thrown across a teakwood chair.
An amber light cast dull-stemmed shadows
On orchids in an ivory vase,
And faint-flowered incense floated dimly
Like mists that hide remembered days.

A mindful woman with nerveless fingers
Cheeks crumpled like an unstuffed ball,
Was forced to sit in tensive stillness
Gazing at her flaming shawl.

"CHERRY."

The ancient clock that on my mantel stands
Once on my mother's mother's mantel stood
And moved across the painted dial its hands
With creaky weights and crazy works of wood.
But now unmoved, its hands by day and night
Show the same moment. Thus it seems to be
Some solemn-faced, mechanic anchorite
Rapt like its mistress in eternity.
Her steady faith it was, and tranquil mind
That taught it thus to scorn the noise and shocks
Of these tumultuous times, that rushing bind,
In one vast whirl of change, the other clocks,
And seem to give the lie in spite of them
To Heraclitus' famous apothegm.

"GRAPE."

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 735*)

THIS SIDE OF JORDAN. By ROARK BRADFORD. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

Where are Old Black Joe and Uncle Remus? Where is the South that Stephen Foster gave to us as a great national tradition—moonlight, "darkies," old plantations, to an off-stage accompaniment of well-strummed banjos? It is gone—dead as the world that Cooper devised for his wooden Indians. In its place a new group of conscientious novelists is building up a real understanding of the negro communities in the South; chief among this group are Julia Peterkin, Du Bose Heyward, and Roark Bradford. These three write in much the same mood; in the main, they take the negro by himself without the contrast of surrounding or dominating whites and deliver him to us in social isolation. Mr. Bradford's latest effort at portraiture (not interpretation) is largely successful, the not quite complete success being due to his introduction of unassimilable material towards the end of the narrative.

In "This Side of Jordan" we have a strenuously barbaric series of episodes. These episodes, though not ideally coherent, are done so sympathetically and resourcefully, so objectively and unsentimentally, that we have little but applause. The negro community, which we come to know well, is the working population attached to a large southern estate. Until the world enters (syphilis is brought from New Orleans, and the Mississippi breaks its levee) we are completely satisfied with Mr. Bradford's narrative; but after that, it weakens. The important thing, however, is that the novel leaves us with a distinct feeling of satisfaction. The writing is powerful at times, bold at others. Altogether, "This Side of Jordan" is a novel that ought to be generally read and esteemed.

EYELIDS OF THE MORN. By WIJNANT JOHNSTON. Appleton. 1929. $2.

A first novel of considerable charm, this is the story of an idealistic friendship between two unusual men from their boyhood until the death of one in early maturity. Both are only sons of wealthy parents, Falconer an American sent to boarding-school in France; Taplowe, a British lad, already a student there when the other arrives. Drawn by a mutual attraction, an understanding responsiveness and much that their adolescent natures have in common, they are soon inseparable. Taplowe, perhaps the stronger character of the two, is ambitious to write plays; Falconer aspires to be a sculptor. As the years pass, in England at public school and the university, later again in France, their talents realize a measure of fulfilment, though it is always Taplowe, man of action, who reaps the richer rewards.

They love the same girl, "Sparrow," their chum since childhood, but no harsh rivalry weakens the bonds of their devotion to each other, and she never owns to caring more deeply for one than for his comrade. When the war comes, they are commissioned in the British army, and Falconer, sacrificing his own life to save his friend's, is killed by the explosion of a shell fallen near them both. The various episodes preceding the tragedy, while Taplowe writes his plays from the experiences they have shared and Falconer works at his sculptures, are filled, but for one exception, with tender and wistful beauty. That exception, a chapter called "Pandora," laid in London slums, has for its central figure a mentally backward waif of fifteen, who imagines she is a fairy princess, and is so extremely silly and Barrie-like, that we could not down it in comfort. But the rest of the book is so unquestionably fine that we can easily forgive Mr. Johnston for his single lapse.

THE UNKNOWN DAUGHTER. By THERESE BENSON. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

The publishers assure us at the outset that "The Unknown Daughter" is the work of a well-known author hiding her real identity under a pen name. Perhaps it is just as well that she conceals her identity, for this is not the novel to bring further fame to a writer with an established reputation. While the plot and the writing both show signs of technical adroitness such as comes only from considerable experience in writing, the novel itself belongs unmistakably to the movie *genre*. The action of the story is confusingly intricate, centering about the relations of a mother and her daughter by a first husband. On the whole it is a melodramatic tale.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

THE KING OF THE AIR. By E. K. CHATTERTON. Lippincott. 1928. $1.75.

Another thoroughly impossible story written for boys. Two school boys take their uncle's new and untested dirigible out on its trial flight and in a few hours start on a voyage around the world. As a matter of fact it's a race for £20,000 against the inevitable villainous rival entrant. After flying through 250 pages of harrowing escapes our heroes win in the nick of time and the villain commits suicide. Lots of excitement and plenty of bunk.

DICK BYRD—AIR EXPLORER. By FITZHUGH GREEN. Putnams. 1928.

Fitzhugh Green has tried to make Commander Byrd's life read even more like a story book than it does. There is perhaps no man alive today who is dearer and nearer to a real boy's heart than the Commander. He exemplifies and amplifies the ideal of American manhood since these United States were settled—an explorer and pioneer. Forgive Fitzhugh Green his sins, if there be any, as we may, in this book of his about a close friend, it is difficult to overlook his total neglect of the real leader of Byrd's first arctic flying expedition, Donald B. MacMillan, one whose name should be revered by the American boy as one of America's foremost explorers of the polar wastes. Boys don't like things overdone or half done.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF REMARKABLE MACHINERY. By ELLISON HAWKS. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.50.

England has long been the home of great mechanics, and to her sons we are indebted for the origin of most of our present day machines. Ellison Hawks, an Englishman of some repute in the world of machinery, has brought together the histories of many of the marvelous machines to which we owe our present day comfort and prosperity. The book is written for boys; it is easy-flowing and simple, and sure to hold the attention of anyone interested in the mechanical slaves of man. It would seem that everything, from the enormous steel manipulating machines weighing hundreds of tons, to the delicate calculating machines of the bank clerk, has been accurately dissected in this one volume for the edification of a modern boy's curiosity, whether he be fifteen or fifty!

ST. NICHOLAS BOOK OF SCIENCE. By FLOYD L. DARROW. Century. 1928. $2.50.

This volume gathers together between two covers, and so presents them that boys can understand them, the advances of science of the past few years. Floyd Darrow has taught boys for many years; he knows how to talk to them and he is, moreover, a real scientist. Though primarily written for high school boys and girls, we have no doubt that many older boys and girls will find his book attractive. To a pedagogic, cataloguing mind it has one bad fault—there seems to be neither rhyme nor reason to the sequence of subject matter; however, that makes it all the more interesting as it is a veritable surprise bag of fascinating revelations. From reindeer raising in Alaska we are shunted to the Andes of Colombia, there to go botanizing, and thence to deep-sea sounding. And all in three pages! No field of science has been left unsearched for new and interesting finds. A wholly enjoyable book for all of us.

TRACKS AND TRAILS. By LEONARD ROSSELL. New York: Macmillan. 1928. $1.25.

Profuse illustration is the principal attraction of this book. Interesting photographs are well reproduced; marginal pen-and-ink sketches of animal and bird tracks and their makers give the pages a familiar but agreeable Thompson-Seton look. The sketches are Mr. Rossell's. He draws, at times, much better than he writes for real boys. To be sure, he can inform them considerably on wild life and tracking down South and in Maine, but he does it at the price of their stomaching a story that actually resembles the Rollo Books—a story of some goody-goody Boy Scouts afield with a namby-pamby Master, a prolix old woodsman, and somebody's dear Uncle John. The best items of the text are appended articles on wild life photography by Clinton G. Abbott, and on making casts of tracks by the excellent nature writer E. Laurence Palmer.

TALES FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY. By KATHARINE PYLE. Lippincott. 1928. $2.50.

Of the retelling of Greek Tales there is no end, and it is well that it is so; for there

(*Continued on next page*)

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Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

is no sunnier realm of fancy than that of classic myth for the child to dwell in at the age when the mind refuses to accept the world of nature as inanimate and is still incapable and unwilling to grapple with abstractions.

Among the retellers of these tales Katharine Pyle takes her place as one gifted with a simple and often charming style and an ability to humanize without sentimentalizing what she relates. It is perhaps a pity that, tainted with the methods of "scholarship," she has thought it necessary to add an occasional footnote in order to convey more accurate information, or dwell on elements of horror, such as the manner in which Cronos disposed of his children, which she has done well to exclude from her text. The notes are not introduced with any apparent system and those interested in greater detail or in parallels and interpretations have at their disposal more learned treatises.

Beginning with the Greek story of creation and what may be called the fall of the gods rather than of man,—for it is among the divine and semi-divine creatures that, according to the more consoling Greek conception, the trouble really began—all of the better known myths are narrated. The twelve illustrations with which the book is adorned do not rank high in an age which can still enjoy the exquisite fancy of Maxwell Parrish and the extraordinary craftsmanship of Howard Pyle, not to mention a host of living illustrators of unusual excellence, who devote their talents to books for children.

IN AND OUT WITH BETTY ANNE. By DOROTHY BARUCH. Harpers. 1928. $1.50.

In these days when even the very young are sophisticated, or in great danger of becoming so, a simple story simply told, is timely and tonic. In these days when parents are hectic and blasé, and in danger of infecting their children, the little book named above should prove sedative and gently helpful. It brings us back to the realization that the simplest of life's aspects are interesting and capable of surprises. It shows us that such common things as electric light switches, pictures, and even chairs and tables, when properly presented, are meaningful to a very small Betty or Johnny. It invites us to share with them the intimate coziness of home. It goes out a little way, no further than the normal travels of a three year old, and we discover the thrills that lurk in growing seeds and nesting birds and metamorphosing caterpillars. And then at last a little longer journey into the world and there is the market ready to serve us with our daily food, the beach tempting us to try the mysterious lure of salty breakers, the far off forest which brought forth the Christmas tree, and then, sleepy at last, home and the fire-light and the deep window looking out into the night with its friendly stars.

Miss Baruch has planned her book well and written it with some charm. And she has appended, at the end of each chapter, a detailed and excellent series of suggestions for dramatizations of the story told. These, indeed, are so simple that the least skilful of mothers or nurses could try them out at a moment's notice.

The book is helped not a little by the graceful and fanciful pictures in black and white by Winifred Bromhall.

It would be pleasant to stop here, but this critic, perhaps too sternly realistic, feels that even into each book some rain must fall, and that "In and Out with Betty Anne," would have more virility if the little girl were not so uniformly sweet and good, or if perhaps she made a natural childish mistake some time, such as forgetting to water the pumpkin seeds, with the inevitable consequence.

Yet the book does deserve a place on the shelves of the exceeding young.

PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA. By ANGELO PATRI. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Pinocchio is a little marionette on his own, so to speak. That is, his movements are not dictated by the hand of another. Indeed his will is so imperious, that life must deal him many a hard blow before the little wooden-head can start on his road to become a boy.

Starting from his home in Italy, Pinocchio swims the great Atlantic to reach America, where, he has heard, everyone does as he pleases, and no one goes to school unless he wants to.

Alas for the speed with which hopes are destroyed! While he is still lying wet on the sand, planning the great speech he will make to the welcoming hordes in America, he is idly picked up as a piece of kindling by two children and stuck head first into a bag. Their mother discovers him and what does she do, but plan on the instant to send him to school! And to school he must go.

It seems that the prime necessity of life is to learn that two and two are four, and that there are always truths behind facts.

Who is so ill equipped to learn these things as a little wooden head? But even into the mind of Pinocchio ideas creep eventually, and he discovers humility and thoughtfulness at last.

"I will go home." says Pinocchio, and because vanity is no longer a part of him, he is now given the homage he once so undeservedly demanded. Great throngs cheer him loudly on his way, and a convoy of airplanes accompany his ship on its homeward journey.

Pinocchio, thoughtful at last, muses over the idea that behind things are always questions without end.

This is indeed an arresting thought for any child, and an estimable thesis for a book. But Mr. Patri has been at once too confused and too obvious in the telling of his story. Too confused in that he interminably repeats without apparent relation to the context that two and two are four and that there is always something behind that; and confused too in the delineation of the character of the marionette, who is never clearly a creature of either fact or fancy. Too obvious in that he coats his material too heavily with rather goody goody platitudes.

One fears that little Johnny, on finishing the book, may come to the conclusion, "Be good and you'll be happy, but you'll miss a lot of fun."

RICE TO RICE PUDDING AND OTHER PICTURE TALES. By JANET SMALLEY. Morrow. 1928. $1.75.

"This the pudding baked by the cook, who cooks the rice the coolie cuts, to help the farmer who plows through the water that floods the rice, that grows in the country of China." Thus the cumulative method of the House that Jack Built is used to tell the five or seven year old how raw materials are turned into familiar products; what ham was before it became ham sandwich, and how there happened to be honey for breakfast.

Before one's very eyes the processes unfold—each step illustrated by means of repetitive phrases and expressive drawings sure to impress and appeal to a child.

There is the story of wool from sportive lamb to tiny sweaters on the backs of delightful children, there is butter from the minute the cow gets into the clover to "the hot cakes that melt the butter that comes from the milk that comes from the cow that feeds on the field of clover." And there is the homely peanut from its lowly beginnings to its full grown jumbo estate when the frightened but fascinated small boy feeds it to the elephant at the circus.

There are, too, many other pleasant things held between the gay end-papers of this book. Very effective is the use of green and black to fill in the line drawings on some of the pages and of red and black on others, and there is variety and charm in the hand-lettering of the descriptive text. Children will be glad that Mrs. Smalley's little daughter had a "bump of curiosity" because that is how this book came to be.

KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE. By ULA W. ECHOLS. Illustrated by HENRY PITZ. Longmans, Green. 1928. $3.

From Bulfinch to Howard Pyle children have exulted in large volumes dealing with the deeds of heroes. The foreword to the present book refers, naturally enough, to Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne" which he drew from the poems of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto. Reference is also made, however, to a certain confusion in the order of events as set forth by Bulfinch. The present volume was planned to remedy this defect, to supply a more interesting style of narration; and the book has been created upon the scale of the famous Howard Pyle volumes dealing with King Arthur and all the matter that artist drew from Malory.

The list of "Peers of the Realm" at the very beginning of the book, with explanations of who they were, will render it very easy for the young reader to "act out" these exploits once he has read the book. "You be—so-and-so; and I'll be—so-and-so." It is an alluring cast of characters set before him. Mr. Pitz's illustrations are spirited and attractive in design, their style reminding us somewhat of the work of the late Louis Rhead. Miss Echols's narrative style has certain defects, viz: "Whereupon Roger informed her thusly,"—it is hardly to be compared, for instance, with the simple art with which Hawthorne accomplished the telling of the Tanglewood Tales. But if the style is rather brummagem, the exploits are told with vivacity and color and a good dramatic sense, and this new presentation of Charlemagne and his peers to a new generation of young readers deserves a welcome.

JULIETTE LOW AND THE GIRL SCOUTS. Edited by HELEN FERRIS and ANNE CHOATE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

This is the story of Juliette Low, the founder of the Girl Scouts. Fifteen people, whose lives touched hers at various periods of her career, present their portraits of this unusual woman. The greater part of the book deals with her work in establishing Scouting for girls in the United States, but by far the most interesting chapters are those which give us her vivid, original, charming self.

She was a many sided person, talented in nearly every art, full of energy and the zest of living, humorous and eccentric; so absolutely incalculable in her reactions, and so lovable and courageous, that we wish there were more of her in the book. She was not content to spend her life developing her several talents, but wanted to be of use to others. Hence, when in 1911, she met Sir Robert Baden-Powell, she welcomed his suggestion that she help to develop an organization for girls similar to his Boy Scouts. She immediately formed a group of Girl Guides in Scotland and later started many companies in England where she had lived since her marriage. Her enthusiasm over the movement determined her to establish it in the United States. All through the remarkable growth of Scouting which followed her efforts, she maintained her interest in the English Guides, always working toward a closer bond between them and Girl Scouts. It is good to know that the year before her death saw the realization of her dearest dream in the meeting of the World Scout Camp in this country.

The book suffers from too many authors, and too much repetition of the history of Mrs. Low's work for Scouting. We should like more details of her life; we know she lived it gallantly and the more complete story of that living should be available as a source of inspiration to the Girl Scouts whose order she founded. There is material here for a fascinating biography.

IF YOU WANT TO FLY. By *Alexander Klemin*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

BEDTIME STORIES, FOLKLORE, AND MORE APPLESAUCE. By *George H. Reed*. Manila: Philippine Education Co.

THE BOY SCOUT AND HIS LAW. By *Barry Chalmers*. Macmillan. $1.25.

(*Continued on page* 743)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THE book that I promised, some months ago, would make any company laugh—and then forgot which book it was—has been identified. *E. M. S.*, Department of History, College for Women, Cleveland, writes:

"Though doubtless others geographically nearer you have given the same information long since, I haste to say that *one* book you guaranteed to send an audience into gales of laughter if casually read, was A. P. Herbert's 'She-Shanties' (Doubleday, Doran), and truer word was never spoken. On your recommendation I gave it to a professorial family for a steamer present, and they treated a boat-load to hysterics with it, and kept it in their hand-luggage for the entire trip, in case of blues over English cooking, or the French language, or anything. And retaliated by giving another copy to me for a steamer present the next year; which was not unappreciated, only, going alone I couldn't take it with me, because it was too devastating not to have anyone to read choice bits to. So I left it with the family, and they said it was much more entertaining summer company than I would have been."

I trust that the above will meet the eye of Mr. Herbert and bring to his ear echoes of happy laughter following a book of verse two years old and five thousand miles away. I have another cause for gratitude to Mr. Herbert, his novel "The Old Flame," which I did not read until it appeared this summer reprinted as one of half a dozen books bound together in the omnibus "Week End Library" (Doubleday, Doran). "The Old Flame" has the only hero who divides his time between a garden in Mortlake and a study in Chelsea. As the book was mailed to my Chelsea study and read in the garden at Mortlake, I could appreciate an author's good sense in choosing such a combination of abodes.

E. R. L. B., Uniontown, Pa., has been told that there have been eight replies to Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" (Harcourt, Brace), and asks for their names.

THEY are "Father India," by C. S. Ranga Iyer (London, 1927: Selwyn & Blount); "A Son of Mother India Answers," by D. G. Mukerji (Dutton, 1928); "Sister India," by World Citizen (Bombay, 1928: Sister India Office); "India: Its Character, A Reply to Mother India," by J. A. Chapman (Oxford, 1928: Basil Blackwood); "Miss Mayo's Mother India, A Rejoinder," by K. Natarajan (Madras, 1928: G. A. Natesan); "Unhappy India," by Lajpat Rai, (Calcutta, 1928: Banna Publishing Company); "Mother India Ka Jawab," by Mrs. C. Lakanpal (Dehradun, India, 1928: Gurukula Press); "Mother India Aur Uska Jawab," Srimati Uma Nehru, published by Kashinath Bajpai, T, Rayag Street, Allahabad, India.

Then there are a pile of pamphlets such as "Reply to Mother India: Indian & British Leaders' Views," price 6d, published by The Indian News Service, 143/4 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, and others published in India and elsewhere. These, however, cannot be counted as books. Some have called Zimand's "Living India," (Longmans, N. Y.) "A Reply," but the author does not say so. Similarly many reviewers have proclaimed Gertrude M. Williams's "Understanding India" to be an answer to Miss Mayo, but, again, the author does not say so.

D. B., Blakely, Ga., noticing that W. L. K., Lesterville, S. D., asks for the best history of the Civil War from a Southern standpoint and the best history of Southern prison camps in the war, writes: "Perhaps I can be of some help, for I have a copy of Miss Mildred Rutherford's 'Scrap Books' in which she names a number of books dealing with the South and the war between the states, books which she had read and recommended for their truthfulness and adherence to facts. Miss Rutherford, who died a few months ago, lived during the war, and gave her entire life to fighting for the truth in history, especially in regard to the history of her beloved South. Of late years she was recognized in her work and a number of universities, both in and out of the South, obtained all of her works for their libraries. I was under 'Miss Millie,' as she is called, at school, and she told us that she had been accused of meddlesomeness and keeping dead issues alive, but that she had always been recognized for telling the truth in history.

"You see, after the war, the southern men were busy rebuilding, and had no time to write histories. So the most of them were written by northern men who, in the majority of cases, knew little or nothing about the South, or the southern side of the question, and who largely based their books on the propaganda and prejudice that were current at the time. And these books have since served for references. 'Miss Millie' gives the southern side, and backs up her statements with references which may be consulted by anybody. I am glad that W. L. K. is interested in knowing our side.

"For him, as well as for others who are interested, will you be so kind as to print in your section, the following titles?—

" 'The War Between the States,' by Alexander H. Stephens; 'Facts and Falsehoods Concerning the War on the South,' sold by A. R. Taylor & Co. (56 cents); Miss Rutherford's 'Scrap Book,' Vol 1 ($2.50). The McGregor Co., Athens, Ga. 'Prison Life: A True Story of the Andersonville Prison,' by James Madison Page (a prisoner at Andersonville) and M. J. Haley; 'Henry Wirz: The True Story of the Andersonville Prison,' by Mildred Rutherford. (25 cents); 'The Southern Side of Andersonville,' by Dr. R. Randolph Stevenson; 'Prison Life of Jefferson Davis,' by Dr. John J. Craven; 'Prison Life at Baltimore and Johnson Island,' by Henry E. Shepherd.

"Perhaps all of these may be obtained from the Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va."

R. R., Les Epilobes, Ch. de Fontenay, Lausanne, Switzerland, says that to a French reader some of Thornton Wilder's characters in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" seem to come out of Merimée's ironic comedy, "Le Carosse du St. Sacrament," but he wonders whether Wilder has read Merimée or whether both have the same source. Also, while he has no doubt of the human and the geographic truth of Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," he would like to know more about its historic background. Was there a Father Latour, a Father Joseph, a Padre Martinez?

AS to both these questions the authors have gone on record in print; at least Mr. Wilder said, in an interview in the *Daily Princetonian*, January 1928: ". . . the idea for it come to me while I was studying for an A.M. in French at the Princeton Graduate School. It was in a course conducted by that admirable man, Professor Louis Cons, that I received the suggestion for the first sketch in the book. The Marquesa de Montemayor is a ficitonalization, if I may coin such a word, of Mme. de Sévigné, the famous French letter writer. Her personal characteristics have been altered, but the sentimental problem behind her life and letters—her unreciprocated love for her daughter—is the same."

Miss Cather was so often asked in how far "Death Comes for the Archbishop" was historical that she wrote a letter to *The Commonweal* making all clear, a letter that her publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, afterward incorporated in a pamphlet that will be sent upon request. In this—a characteristic example of Miss Cather's lucid style—is set forth the connection between the incidents of the book and the recorded facts in the lives of Bishop Lamy and Bishop Machebeuf, the "originals" of the two friends in the novels. "In the main," she says, "I followed the life story of the two Bishops very much as it was, though I used many of my own experiences, and some of my father's. In actual fact, of course, Bishop Lamy died first of the two friends, and it was Bishop Machebeuf who went to his funeral. Often have I heard from the old people of how he broke down when he rose to speak and was unable to go on." But the letter is well worth reading throughout. It will make clear to many, by the way, why the title of the novel gives an elusive impression of familiarity. It was simply taken from Holbein's Dance of Death.

S. T. B. Ballard Vale, Mass., says that I might have mentioned, in the list of books on demonology, Nevius's "Demon Possession and Allied Themes" (Revell), as giving the foundation of actual observed fact from which any study of this subject ought to start. "Everything fanciful or fraudulent or speculative," he says, "about demons, so far as it relates to demons that get inside a man, rests more or less on the foundation of such actual human experience as Nevius records. His second edition has an appendix of reviews of his first edition, in which such writers as Andrew Lang certify the typicalness of his material." I might also have added thei nformation that one of the many calls upon the Reader's Guide that never reached print was to provide, some three years ago, a formula of exorcism that would be efficacious in ejecting a demon troubling a young woman in a small town in Eastern Pennsylvania. It was of course most irregular to call on me, but then this seemed to be an irregular sort of demon.

E. S. M., La Grange, Ill., sends these suggestions for inscriptions in the library:—

That place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

—JOHN FLETCHER.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closed rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived, the other where they lie.

—JOHN FLORIO.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they, thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give
And make time present travel that of old.
Our life, Fame pierceth at the end,
And books it further backward do extend.

—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

I trust that these quotations are accurate, but I take no responsibility. For *G. W. P., Los Angeles*, writes: "There's something queer about the *S. R. L.*; it can never get its quotations from Milton quite straight. I've noticed that over and over again; and now comes The Reader's Guide (page 651, Feb. 2) to add its mite. What Milton really wrote was, 'A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit.' Doesn't that *sound* more like Milton than *M. C.'s* version?"

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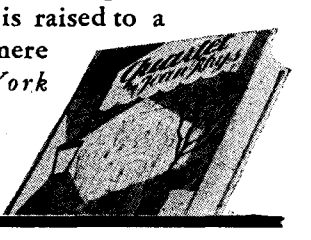

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At the Sign of the Pegasus

"THE PEGASUS PRESS," to quote from a recent circular, "has a very definite aim—to combine the finest scholarship with beautiful production." Three series of volumes have been announced by the American representatives of the Press, Harcourt, Brace & Co., The Pantheon Series, definitive volumes on European painting, sculpture, and illumination; The Pegasus Press, volumes on printing and allied subjects; and The Bodoni Editions, handprinted volumes from the Officina Bodoni. These series are entirely distinct as to form and contents.

Two of the volumes in the second series are at hand, both edited by Stanley Morison, who has written the first and contributed an introduction to the second: "Caractères de l'Ecriture dans la Typographie," issued in royal quarto in an edition of five hundred copies (with a further issue of twelve copies printed by hand), and "The Moyllus Alphabet," three hundred copies printed at the Officina Bodoni in Switzerland.

The "Caractères de l'Ecriture" is supplementary to the essay on non-roman forms of type contributed to the third volume of the *Fleuron*, by Johnson and Morison. The volume is well illustrated and annotated, and since the information on these types is only available in such scattered brochures, the book will be essential to the student of type faces. It is interesting to note how many books have been printed not only in italic, but in faces closely resembling what we know as script.

⁂ ⁂

The mechanical rigidity of modern type faces is no new thing. If modern mechanical processes lend subtle encouragement to the designer and enable him to see his designs almost absolutely reproduced in type which is dead at its bringing forth, yet on paper at least the earlier designers sought to attain an equal mathematical accuracy, and to evolve a rigid system of drawing letters, especially roman capitals. No perfect system of design, built on squares and curves, has ever been devised; the most successful types are those which are full of irregularities and even absurdities. What is perhaps the earliest printed treatise on the geometrical plotting of such letters has been reprinted from the edition done at Parma about 1480 by Damianus Molyllus. There is a good introduction by Mr. Morison, a reproduction of the alphabet with description of the method, and a translation. The form is a small quarto of eighty-two pages.

The printers' work on these volumes seems to me good but not remarkable. Poliphilus type has been employed, and the presswork is of good quality. The very mild title-pages are a little weak in a place where they ought to be more vigorous, and the binding of the "Caractères" in particular, while quite charming, is too fragile. But that the two books were worth doing there can be no question. R.

A Good Picture Book

"GARI MELCHERS, Painter" is the title of a monograph, largely in the form of plates, issued by William Edwin Rudge. It contains a short biographical foreword by Henriette Lewis-Hind. The illustrations are naturally the most dominant feature of the book, and are a good example of the off-set process at its best. If they lack the hardness and detail of half-tones, they more than compensate for their absence by their agreeable qualities. It seems to me a mistake to print the pictures on paper of so definite a surface pattern: the laid marks form a background which competes with that of the pictures; a smoother paper would have been better. Otherwise there is much to be said for the success with which they have been reproduced. There is one in color. Of the limited edition, with a signed etching by Melchers, fifty copies have been printed.

R.

At Sotheby's

THE London *Observer*, writing before the event of the auction held at Sotheby's on February 11 had this to say: "Prominent among the items offered for sale is an unpublished ballad opera by C. L. Dodgson ('Lewis Carroll'), intended for performance in his marionette theatre—which, incidentally, still exists, and was sold by the same auctioneers last November. This opera, which is written on thirteen quarto pages, is called 'La Guida di Bragia,' which is, in the vulgar tongue, 'Bradshaw's Guide.' The plot has, indeed, to do with railway travel, and tells of the adventures of various persons—among them a Malapropian lady who insists on having her 'life ensnared,' and the hero of the play, Orlando, one of whose songs opens thus, to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne':

Should all my luggage be forgot,
And never come to hand,
I'll never quit this fatal spot,
But perish where I stand.

It seems certain (in the light of recent experiences of what prices people will give for 'Lewis Carroll' manuscripts) that this little opera will fetch a big sum—though not, of course, anything like what was paid for the manuscript of 'Alice' last year.

"Other manuscripts which may be mentioned include that of Charles Dickens's last letter (as it is believed to be) written to a correspondent who had protested, on religious grounds, against Dickens's facetious use of the metaphor of 'the lamb led to the slaughter'; and that of Robert Burns's well-known and charming song beginning:—

Thine am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

⁂ ⁂

"Many people, however, will be most strongly attracted by the remarkable array of letters—there are no fewer than sixteen of them—from Dr. Johnson. These include six to Mrs. Thrale (all of them published in Birkbeck Hill's edition) and eight to George and William Strahan (also printed by Hill). Best of them all, however, is one, apparently unpublished, addressed by Johnson to his wife. It is written on January 31, 1739-40, and refers to his alarm at hearing that she had hurt a tendon. He speaks, too, of his attempts to dispose of his tragedy of 'Irene.'

"The text of the letter is as follows:—

After hearing that you are in so much danger, as I apprehend, from a hurt on a tendon, I shall be very uneasy till I know you are recovered, and I beg that you will omit nothing that can contribute to it, nor deny yourself anything that may make confinement less melancholy. You have already suffered more than I can bear to reflect upon, and I hope more than either of us shall suffer again. One part at least I have often flattered myself we shall avoid for the future—our troubles will surely never separate us more . . . (MS defaced) . . . I shall promise myself many happy years from your kindness and affection, which I sometimes hope our millionaires have not yet deprived me . . . .

Be assured, by dear Girl, that I have seen nobody in these rambles upon which I have been forced, that has not contributed to confirm my esteem & affection for thee, though that esteem & affection only contributed to increase my unhappiness when I reflected that the most amiable woman in the world was exposed by my means to miseries which I could not relieve.—I am, my charming love, yours.

SAM: JOHNSON.

This letter is peculiarly precious, because it is believed to be the only one surviving written by Johnson to his 'Tetty'—the middle-aged and odd-looking wife who inspired him with such noble and enduring love and devotion."

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THE Book Research and Valuation Service (Babson Park, Massachusetts) has sent out recently a pamphlet explaining what such an organization attempts to do. Its purpose is "to provide an unbiased source from which book collectors, librarians, associations, rare-book dealers, administrators of estates, and others who are interested in books can obtain reliable data and advice relative to the rarity, value, and marketability of the books they own or may contemplate buying." In the following ways this Service represents its clients: first, by establishing authenticity, that is by consulting known sources of authority in this country and abroad in order to supply "clients with a very accurate report regarding the authenticity of any particular item"; second, by studying the market in order to place values, and to advise the best method of selling books; third, by supplying bibliographical information, and by indexing and cataloguing collections; fourth, by informing clients whether or not the items they are interested in are "as stated in dealer and auction catalogues," and fifth, by carrying on investigations in London and on the Continent. As the pamphlet goes on to remark: "It is . . . through the rendering of a highly individualized and personal service that the Book Research and Valuation Service is of greatest dollars and cents value to its clients. The entire time of this Organization is spent in research work, on investigations, and as agents to the benefit and profit of clients." A fee is charged for whatever work is done, but as correspondence is invited on all points, it is possible to discover in advance at least the estimated amount to be charged." Such a service had, of course, to be brought into existence eventually: the passion for over-organization demanded it, and book-collecting had long ago, thanks to the attentions of Mr. A. Edward Newton, Dr. Rosenbach, and Mr. Crosby Gaige, cast aside its primitive simplicity. It is scarcely too much to expect that before long, in addition to the fascinating reports from investment houses that clutter the mails, there will be further invitations to investors, this time to purchase rare books instead of water company bonds or newly-discovered oil lands.

G. M. T.

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These are not *monthly* totals . . .

They are not even *weekly* totals . . .

Believe it or not, they are the DAILY totals on last week's sales record for *The Art of Thinking* [No orders were counted on Tuesday, Lincoln's birthday].

To ABBE ERNEST DIMNET, now at his home in Paris, *The Inner Sanctum* has just dispatched this cable:

This week's sales on ART OF THINKING *exceed seven thousand copies bringing total beyond thirty two thousand and making it by all odds America's best seller Congratulations*
ESSANDESS

The month-by-month *Chart of Thinking*—not a bad Index Figure of American Intelligence, by the way—looks something like this:

	Copies Sold
NOVEMBER [*first month*]	380
DECEMBER	5,959
JANUARY	12,089
FEBRUARY [*three weeks and one to go*]	15,039

Meantime BRENTANO'S and other representative booksellers continue to report that right behind *The Art of Thinking* on the non-fiction best-seller list, and tightening its grip on second place, is none other than RIPLEY'S Odyssey of Oddities, *Believe It or Not!*

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—ESSANDESS

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OH, Mama, we got a present,—Oh, Mama, we got a—skippety—present, preah—zunt!

Mr. J. B. Ely, Pastor
Of the Methodist Episcopal
Church of Keystone, West Virginia—
Oh, Mama, we got a present,
Present, present, present, present,
Birthday present, Christmas present,
Lookut, lookut, lookut, lookut. . . .
Here it is. . . .

Well, *John Farrar* had a child-self he used to talk about. The above is *our* child-self. Here, give us that letter, Uglyface, that's no way to act. Haven't you got any manners? Go over there and sit down, and don't smear that lolly-pop all down the front of your spandy-clean sailor-suit! . . .

We are grieved to find that we have been the innocent cause of offense, in our antic gambols, to one of the cloth. As we look once more at the letter before us from *Pastor J. B. Ely* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Keystone, West Virginia, we perceive with renewed horror and dismay that we are in good and wrong. In printing Pastor Ely's letter we shall have to delete our real name and a certain complimentary reference to us which we are loath to let go, because the rest of the letter is not precisely—er—complimentary. But if we printed said reference we should give away what may be an open secret, but which just as a matter of form should be preserved nevertheless, viz.: our identity. Here's the letter:

There are times when the most restrained of us cannot wholly subdue the outbreakings of extreme disgust. Such a time is the reading of *The Phoenician* this week. That such a person could descend to such impudent flauntings of lawless indulgence as he insults both patriotism and gentility with in his puerile jestings about his engagement with a speakeasy surpasses the bounds of the most cynical expectation. Is the man actually proud of this baseness that allies him with the underworld of crime and bestiality? The effrontery of his ravings makes us wonder why he is in so great a hurry to join his fellow criminals, for he seems drunk already. And unfortunately this crass bragging about his animalism isn't the first offense.

Why do you Intellectuals persist in thinking that only fool Methodists are in favor of Prohibition? Prohibition or none, surely there are many in all churches and out of them all who could see nothing but the struttings of an insolent hobbledehoy in The Phoenician's rushings-about to make a fool of himself in print by that vile haste to join the enemies of our country. Does *The Saturday Review of Literature* cater only to such animals as must have their alcohol at any cost? One would think that these highbrows could find in their prodigious minds food enough for joy and in lawful sports their needed recreation. But no, along with the most ignorant, they must have their drink—and then vaunt their shame. *Mr. Morley*, with his gloatings over bartenders, is bad enough; but the Phoenician is too much. Some of us prefer to hear the opinions of sober,, law-abiding people about books. We need some "speaklouds" on the degeneracy of magazines that are doing their utmost to defeat moral progress in this nation. The Phoenician has made easy a step that I had contemplated with shrinking, the discontinuance of my subscription. When the *Review* ceases to cavil at decency, let me know, and I'll renew it then.

As a matter of fact, we had only the weeniest of teeny hangovers, and as for Mr. Morley, he now has only time to quaff semi-occasionally a small beaker of beer in Hoboken. And we don't remember saying a thing about Methodists. We are copycat enough without copying *Henry Mencken*. Anyway, we are fond of *Herbert Asbury*, who is descended from all sorts of Methodists, and has compiled that exquisite work of prose, "The Bon Vivant's Companion." Neither do we remember cavilling at decency. Did not, either! . . .

But you might, for a change, wish to hear something or other about books. All sorts of books have recently been sent into us, and even in our besotted roisterings we have been able to flicker a rheumy eye over some of them. *Joan Young's* "The Cradle of the Deep" is an attractive volume, but the picture on page 133 is really terrible,—we covered our hands with our eyes or *vice versa*. This terrible drawing shows a sailor staggering out of the door of an old-time saloon. Over the swing door is the sign, "The Union Hotel." It made us feel awfully sad to think—to think that all those old wickerwork swing doors are gone, are gone! Seriously, "The Cradle of the Deep" is as attractive an adventure story as we have come across for some time, and the illustrations by *Kurt Wiese* add to its charm. It is published by Simon & Schuster. You can get it on the bookstalls next Thursday. . . .

The running-heads, different on each page of *Meyer Levin's* "Reporter" (The John Day Company), are a most amusing adornment of a newspaper novel that looks like the real thing. They are written like newspaper heads. We regret to say that liquor is referred to, at least on page 314. It doesn't sound like very good liquor. . . .

"The Frantic Young Man" from Coward-McCann is an also-ran. . . .

It gave us a good deal of pain to note that champagne is referred to on page 281 of "Stepping High," by *Gene Markey* (Doubleday, Doran). It's real pain to us to read of so much champagne. It's so expensive. . . .

Dan Totheroh has written a romance of the court of *Francis the First*, "Men Call Me Fool," brought out by the same publishers. But mention of "a flagon of wine" desecrates page 212. We've hunted all over New York for a real flagon,—but—song cue: they don't serve wine in flagons any more. . . .

A German best-seller that has just been brought out here by the Macmillan Company is the "Letters of the *Empress Frederick*," edited by The Right Honorable *Sir Frederick Ponsonby*, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., with four photogravure portraits. The Empress Frederick was *Queen Victoria's* eldest daughter. The narrative reveals the workings of the German court from 1858 to 1900. We can almost recommend this book, as a casual search failed to reveal any trace of Külmbacher. . . .

Mrs. Edith J. R. Isaacs, and she is the one to have done it beautifully, has edited "Plays of American Life and Fantasy," for Coward-McCann. Mrs. Isaacs, as editor of *The Theatre Arts Magazine* for some years, has a wide and authoritative knowledge of the American drama. In this book she chooses her plays from among authors as diverse as *O'Neill*, *Kreymborg*, *Paul Green*, *Zoë Akins*, and *Stark Young*. . . .

The Cresset Press, Ltd., of London, has just issued the most beautiful small four-volume edition of the poetical works of *Robert Herrick*. *Humbert Wolfe* has written the preface, *Albert Rutherston* done the tinted frontispieces and decorations. We feel it quite lamentable of Mr. Herrick, however, whose demise we can hardly doubt was hastened by too peculiar an interest in the flowing bowl, to mention drinkables as he often does. For instance—and this instance is glaring!—in the "Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton" he speaks of "the Wine, which thou Do'st rather poure forth, then allow by cruse and measure; thus devoting Wine, As the *Canary* Isles were thine." This is surely too bad! We don't know of anyone who stocks real Canary now, and as for sack—as well ask for a sackbut, shawm, or psaltery. . . .

"The Hotel" caused such a chorus of praise that you will be glad to know that Lincoln MacVeagh is bringing out *Elizabeth Bowen's* new novel, "The Last September." It's a story of Ireland during the Revolution,—about people sitting on a volcano, so to speak. We were very much relieved to note that on page 208 "They drank coffee out in the hall, standing up,"—but still "personal elephants" *are* mentioned on page 147. All we've ever seen was a sobbing octopus. . . .

Shirley Hasson (Mrs. Ray Hasson), of 1200 East California Avenue, Glendale, California, wants to run down the following quotation—and will any of our friends, if we have any left, please let her know if they know the author?

The plaint of rain-bound birds,
White marbles—whiter words,
These things make life worth while.

Well, well, we're off to a Happiness soda-fountain. Yo-ho-ho! and a barrel of loganberry juice!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"IN books I find the dead as if they were alive; all the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion, unless God had provided mortals with the remedy of books," wrote Richard de Bury in his *Philobiblon*[1] in 1345. The continuity of existence is a fiction until we read histories, biographies, and the reports of scientists. Only then can we look back into the incredibly remote past as if we recalled yesterday's experiences. This book-nourished reality was with Mr. de la Mare when he sang:

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales.

The same reality has been with us ever since we finished reading Mr. C. Leonard Woolley's very recent and exciting book, *The Sumerians*.[2] Since then we have walked with Abraham, and we have explored the counterpart of the "Tower of Babel." We run in the shadows of skyscrapers and ponder the temples of Ur; we stop at our favorite silversmith's window admiring the "modern" silver and mentally see their Sumerian prototypes of gold, silver, and lapis lazuli. Manhattan towers warm our admiration, but we marvel that in Mesopotamia in 3200 B.C. architects built terraced buildings of baked mud that, though they rose only some seventy feet above the desert, were similar in line to our legalized terraces and included columns, arches, vaults and domes—architectural forms that were not known in Greece until thousands of years later. Even Sumerian social and political organizations and conceptions of morality and religion were the first beginnings of our own. Thus over 2000 years before Tut-ankh-amen, the Sumerians developed a culture that is the heritage of the living world. Were there only the fluted gold vases, carved heads, perfectly designed plaques and seals, strongly proportioned ziggurates, we should not ask for more proof that here lived a cultured people. For analysis of these gives more information than does history, which is too often concerned with doubtful victories. But pictographic histories, as well, support Mr. Woolley's deductions that theirs was a high civilization that was "in the nature of a first cause, lighting up a world still plunged in primitive barbarism." Those who, like ourself, are interested in the perambulations of Man will be glad to know that Mr. Woolley will give an illustrated lecture on the Ur Excavations the 19th of March in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. Tickets are $1.50 each.

* * *

The Oxford Press publish a most readable group of books that carry on this story of Man. *The Legacy of Isreal*,[3] *the Legacy of Greece*,[4] *the Legacy of Rome*,[5] and *the Legacy of the Middle Ages*[6] describe so much that is our common heritage that these books are indispensible to the thinking man who would understand his parentage. And, of course, no mention of the Ancient World[7] and its interpreters will henceforth be worth its ink without an additional word about M. I. Rostovtzeff's two-volume history of that name. Who can look at those magnificent and costly tomes without feeling grateful both to that busy scholar for writing such an interesting story for the untutored reader and to the Oxford Press for pricing such beautiful books so modestly that the book budget remains strong enough to cope with another handsome purchase.. This is an admirable account of our immediate family tree—S. E. Morison's *History of the U. S.*[8] It is the best American history available; it is clearly written, vigorous, accurate, and unpartisan. We learned to love these fine volumes reading them in the glow of a large friendly fireplace in an old house in New England. Histories like these, accurate, yet written with imagination; histories of men and their institutions, lengthen the life of a man. For they take him back, like good memories, to distant days. In them time folds up like a fan before him, as it did to Knight in "A Pair of Blue Eyes." This is the magic of good books, that they defeat time and simultaneously take us to the beginning and all the intermediate centuries. And, where it is impossible for us to extend our future life by far, with books like these we can lengthen our past.

We commend these great and interesting books to you for your fireside reading. There the soul's flame and its eagerness are best portrayed.

—THE OXONIAN.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 738*)

ITALIAN PLEASURE GARDENS. By ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $10.

This new volume which Miss Nichols has added to her studies of gardens in Spain, Portugal, and England contains chapters on classical (chiefly Pompeian), medieval, and renaissance gardens. For the most part, however, the studies are grouped according to localities: Florence, Lucca, Siena and Perugia, Rome, Genoa and the Lakes. The descriptions are brief and non-technical, and designed for the tourist and the amateur rather than for the specialist. There is much interesting historical and biographical material, and many beautiful photographs. A valuable feature of the book is a Garden Itinerary, giving the exact location of most of the important Italian gardens with directions for obtaining permission to visit the private ones.

THE GARDENER'S COLOUR BOOK. By MRS. FRANCIS KING and JOHN FOTHERGILL. Knopf. 1929. $3.

Mrs. King has adapted for American gardens an English list of popular annual and perennial plants, classified according to color and time of blooming. The range of colors includes apricot, blue, crimson, mauve, orange, pink, purple, salmon, scarlet, violet, and yellow. A large double page is devoted to each color with a subclassification into four flowering periods: May-June, July, August, and September-October. There is ample space for notes so that the book may be used as a record of that most difficult of all garden problems, succession of bloom.

The time charts are adapted for the latitude of Boston. Gardeners about New York must anticipate the flowering periods indicated by about a week; those about Philadelphia and Baltimore by from ten days to two weeks. Though no actual garden will, in all probability, conform to this outline, the "Gardener's Colour Book" will be found full of suggestive material for the keeping of accurate garden records.

WHY I BELIEVE IN PERSONAL IMMORTALITY. By *Sir Oliver Lodge*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

CONTRACT DEVELOPMENTS. By *Lelia Hattersley*. McBride. $2.50 net.

GERMAN-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-GERMAN DICTIONARY. By *F. C. Hebert* and *L. Hirsch*. Pitman.

LANDMARKS OF LIBERTY. By *Grace Lincoln Hall Brosseau*. Washington: Stylus Publishing Co.

GROUP PRESENTATION BEFORE CONGRESS. By *E. Pendleton Herring*. Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

THE GOODMAN OF PARIS. *By a Citizen of Paris*. Translated into English by *Eileen Power* Harcourt, Brace.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE FRENCH LAW. By *Junius Parker*. Scribners. $1.25.

ISADORA DUNCAN. Twenty-four studies by *Arnold Genthe*. Kennerley.

DON'T BE AFRAID. By *Joseph Löbel*. Putnam. $2.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA. By *Christopher Morley*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50 net.

AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MODERN LANGUAGE METHODOLOGY. By *M. A. Buchanan* and *E. D. MacPhee*. University of Toronto Press.

HOW TO TELL BIBLE STORIES. By *Louise Seymour Houghton*. Scribners. $2.

DICTIONARY OF OFFICIAL WAR-TIME ORGANIZATIONS. By *N. B. Dearle*. Oxford University Press.

A DOCTOR'S LETTERS TO EXPECTANT PARENTS. By *Frank Howard Richardson*. M. D. Norton.

THE BUREAU OF DAIRY INDUSTRY. By *Jenks Cameron*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

THE VAMPIRE. By *Montague Summers*. Dutton. $5.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA. By *J. G. Lockhart*. Stokes. $1.50.

SEAMAN ALL. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Stokes. $1.50.

Poetry

DEAF WALLS. Poems of E. K. Issued privately. New York: Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49th Street. 1928. $2.

This small volume, attractively bound, and printed by the Latin Printing Company of Philadelphia, with an initial and final drawing by Kenn Stuart, is, we understand, the first poetic offering of Edmond Kowaleski. It is a symphonic attempt, written *chiefly in free verse. The manner of* expression does not impress us greatly with originality, the phrase usually lacks true incisiveness, but mood after mood is interpreted with sensitivity and a certain youthful freshness. The "heart estranged and the mad eyes of defeat," is a line that haunts us,—and here are several extracts to illustrate the merits of this young poet's verse:

My God, my God,
Host on the altar of evening!
The hills swing censer before thee, its vapors hang in thy valleys,
Incense out of the evening, haze of opal and pearl, the wet, odorous earth-scent,
Smoking from all the cool hills, the silvered evening hills,
For thy blood-red heart in the wastelands, throne on fallen throne.

Here is another, from "Nocturne in an Alley,"

That is all:
chimney-pot and moon-horns
and golden inkdrop spilled by an angel,
making a fine rapture
between the housetop walls
high above this dark and lonely alley.

Phrases such as "amiable autumn sunlight," "the crack of a baseball bat sharply familiar," are occasionally praiseworthy throughout the work, as is such a statement as this:

Once I sang "the hunger of stars,"
But now I see it was my own immeasured longing.
High in their hoary spheres
They sit, serene with a great wisdom.
Through those august frames there never shook desire.

That which we have quoted may also serve to illustrate the poet's technical limitations, and his present immaturity as revealed in his phraseology. His resources of language are small as yet; he needs to apply greater effort, to work harder over every word of his rhythms. There are many as graceful writers among the minor singers of the day. At present he merely adds another to their number.

Religion

THE NEED OF A NEW BIBLE AND A CREEDLESS CHURCH. By SAMUEL H. GUGGENHEIMER. Greenbury. 1929. $3.50.

Mr. Guggenheim thinks that by scientific investigation, never going beyond the definitely finite and sensually observable, one may arrive at a thoroughly satisfactory solution of life's problems. Because he finds that those who wrote the Bible were uninformed about physical science, he wishes to scrap the old thing, oblivious to the value of Biblical record of other sorts of experimentation and its ponderings thereon. He thinks that the Church, too, is outworn, because it deals with professedly extra-scientific ways of getting at truth, whereas, so he thinks, there are no such ways. Not many scientists will agree with him. Mr. Guggenheim's thesis is worth consideration. Every honestly held thesis is. But he is so continuously indignant at Christianity as to create unfortunate doubt of his own dispassionate open-mindedness. He also misrepresents Christian dogma more than once in a while,—all of which seems a little unfortunate.

WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY. Edited by *Sydney Strong*. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By *Jonathan Rigdon*. Danville, Ind.

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. By *Harold Anson*. Century. $1.50.

THE INTERPRETATION OF RELIGION. By *John Baillie*. Scribners. $4.

RELIGION AND THE NEW TESTAMENT. By *R. H. Malden*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

INNER LIGHT. By *Jean A. Freeman*. Meador Publishing Co., 27 Beach Street, Boston, Mass.

The Politics of Peace

By CHARLES E. MARTIN

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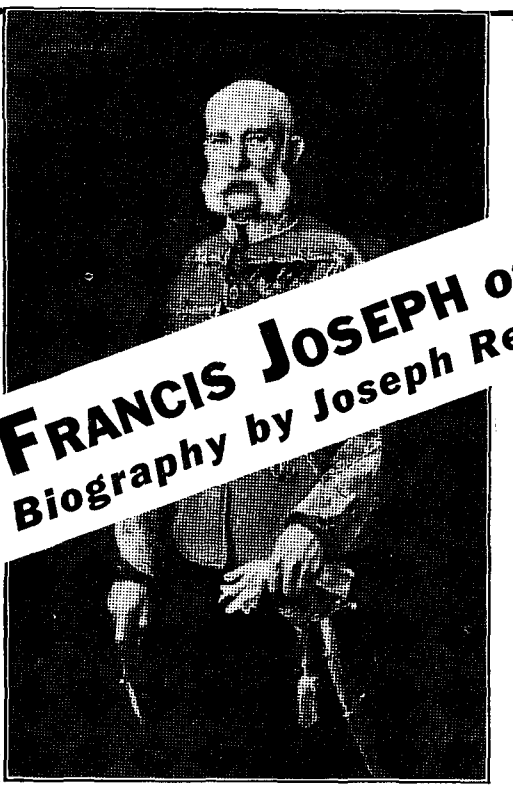

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